FROM THE FILES OF CRIME INVESTIGATORS!

AMAZING DETECTIVE CASES!

AMAZING DETECTIVE CASES

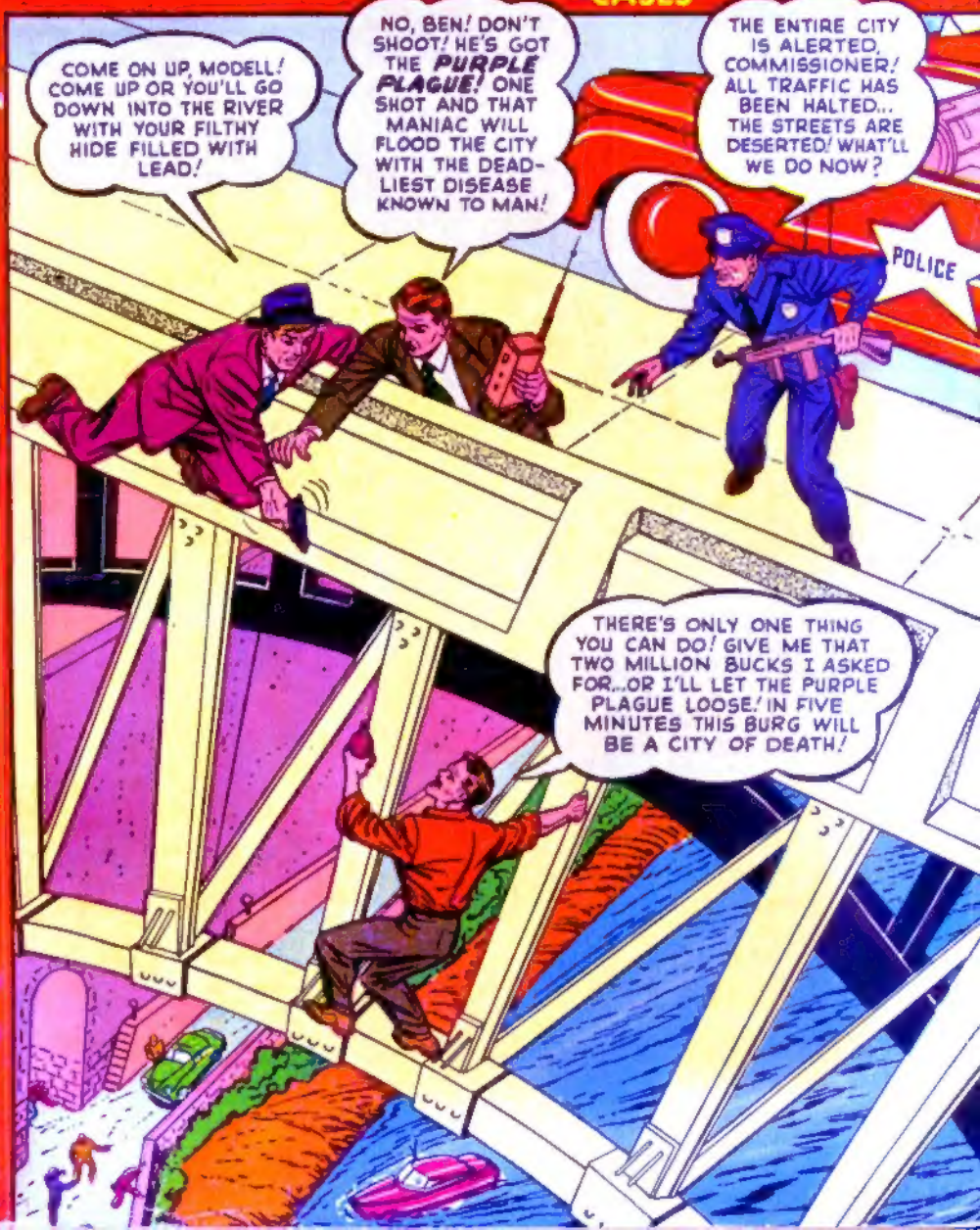
JULY
NO. 7
10¢

EXCLUSIVE! IN THIS ISSUE

A CASE UNPARALLELED IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME
"THE MONSTER OF THE MARDI GRAS!"
NEW ORLEANS, 1939

THE AMAZING CRIMINAL CAPER THAT SHOCKED THE STATE OF ILLINOIS IN 1876
"THE MISSING BODY!"

THE TRUE STORY OF HOW THE NEW YORK POLICE SOLVED
"HERBERT'S HIDEOUS CRIME!"


COME ON UP, MODELL! COME UP OR YOU'LL GO DOWN INTO THE RIVER WITH YOUR FILTHY HIDE FILLED WITH LEAD!
NO, BEN! DON'T SHOOT! HE'S GOT THE PURPLE PLAGUE! ONE SHOT AND THAT MANIAC WILL FLOOD THE CITY WITH THE DEADLIEST DISEASE KNOWN TO MAN!
THE ENTIRE CITY IS ALERTED, COMMISSIONER! ALL TRAFFIC HAS BEEN HALTED... THE STREETS ARE DESERTED! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?
POLICE
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YOU CAN DO! GIVE ME THAT TWO MILLION BUCKS I ASKED FOR...OR I'LL LET THE PURPLE PLAGUE LOOSE! IN FIVE MINUTES THIS BURG WILL BE A CITY OF DEATH!

"Uncle Bernie's" TOY SHOP

FUN FOR ALL!

SENSATIONAL CONTINENTAL DESIGNED NEW 1951 MOTOR CAR!!

5 INSIDE CONTROLS
R—REVERSE
N—ENGINE IDLES
1—FORWARD SLOW
2—FAST
3—FASTER
• STEERING WHEEL CONTROL AND • BRAKE LEVER

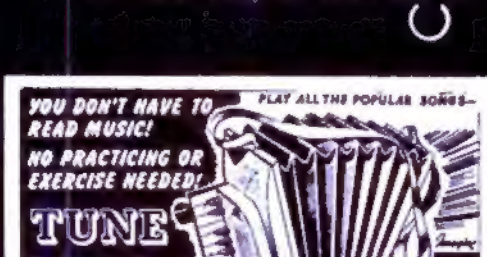
• AMAZING DASH-BOARD CONTROLLED!

Turn the key and the car is off! You can guide it go wherever you wish because it is powered 3 ways—in the car itself, first, second, third or reverse. And if you want to stop, take your hand on the steering wheel and pull on your brakes! It's the mini-drama version of a grown-up convertible with all of the same features: long, slim lines, real rubber-rolled tires, a precision windshield, straight running board, and two front headlights! Comes already enameled in bright modern colors. . . A REAL toy for Junior and Hank and Dad too, that will ride straight into every heart! SEND NO MONEY! Rush your order today. Don't wait! Send order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

Imagine Only 3.49 complete

YOU DON'T HAVE TO READ MUSIC! NO PRACTICING OR EXERCISE NEEDED!

PLAY ALL THE POPULAR SONGS—



TUNE KING! SWING ACCORDION

Only 3.49

Complete With FREE Instruction Book

● Piano Keyboard ● Brass Reeds
● Vinylite Bellows ● All-Plastic Construction

Simple to play, great fun to use, the TUNE-KING Swing Accordion will make every boy & girl or adults the life of every party. This all plastic accordion plays the full scale and chords with a beautifully sweet tone. The ivory-colored accordion keyboard simplifies playing—and makes your friends think you're an accomplished artist. Streamlined plastic case has the rich appearance of a fine instrument. To "top it off" plastic handle-rest and thumb straps assure gentle touch, non-slip playing. FREE! An instruction book that simplifies accordion playing in a few short hours. A song sheet with popular favorites and old-time get-together songs. SEND NO MONEY! Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

FREE! Bonus Coin Bank!

MAKES MONEY—SAVES PEANUTS

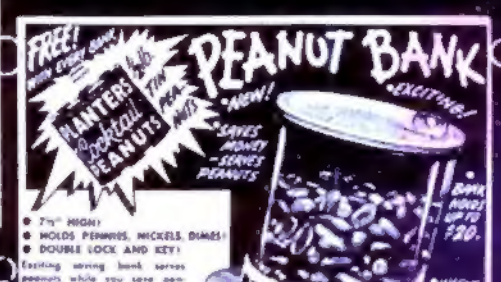
PEANUT BANK

*EXCITING!

*NEW!

MANTERS Cocktail PEANUTS

Tin Can Nuts



• 7½" HIGH!
• HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES!
• DOUBLE LOCK AND KEY!

Exciting saving bank serves peanuts while you save pennies, nickels, dimes! Comes with top hat, dashing manicle, a ½ pound vacuum can of delicious roasted peanuts, double lock and key. Drop in a coin and flip back the ear—out pops a generous amount of peanuts. Made of sturdy, durable plastic, MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK is ideal to start the kiddies saving (holds upwards of $20 in coins.) Wonderful for parties, entertaining, handy fun. Easy to refill. SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

BANK HOLDS UP TO $20.

*INSERT COIN HERE

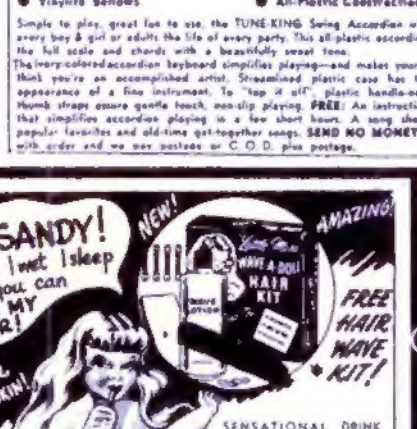
PEANUT VENDER-BANK

IMAGINE ONLY 2.98 COMPLETE

Hello! I'm SANDY! I drink, I wet, I sleep and you can WAVE MY HAIR!

NEW!

AMAZING!



WAVE A DOLL HAIR KIT

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

TERRIFIC VALUE! only 3.98

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL in washable rubber WONDERSKIN with life-like hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with . . . plastic curlers, . . . rubber waving bands, . . . waving end papers, plastic comb and . . . bottle of doll hair lotion. ADORABLE SANDY, 11 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close—she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her — move her cuddly arms, legs and head — make her stand, walk and sleep.

complete

SEND NO MONEY

(C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

SHE'S NEW! SENSATIONAL!

NU-BORN BABY DOLL..

WAA—WAA—WAA

• SHE'S OVER 18 INCHES TALL!
• LIFELIKE RUBBER WONDERSKIN!
• SHE CRIES—SHE COOS!
• REMOVABLE LAYETTE!

Amazingly lifelike newborn doll to melt every "little mother's" heart. Pat her, spank her, cuddle her—she coos—she cries. Hours and hours of play thrills. Over 18 inches high, with almost human washable arms, legs, and head of rubber WONDERSKIN. Baby-soft pink skin, bright blue eyes—closest thing to actual infant. Easily removable nightie and diaper combination for "quick changes." Adorably wrapped in wooly bunting with a ribbon tie for showing off in the "carriage parade." SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. —Remit with order, we pay postage.)

SHE LOOKS-FEELS LIKE A REAL BABY!

JUST IMAGINE! ONLY 3.98 COMPLETE

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

SEND COUPON!

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 156
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following. Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage

☐ Sandy	$3.98	☐ Nu-Born Baby	$3.98
☐ Motor Car	$3.49	☐ Peanut Bank	$2.98
☐ Accordion	$3.49		

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Address _____ City _____ State _____

NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, Dept. 156 New York 3, N.Y.

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the CITY of DEATH

THIS IS A STORY THAT SHOULD NOT BE TOLD... A STORY THEY **DARED** US TO PUBLISH! BUT, BY USING FICTITIOUS NAMES, CHANGING THE LOCALE AND THE TIME, THE EDITORS OF AMAZING DETECTIVE FEEL THAT THE DANGER IS PAST, AND THAT IT IS NOW SAFE TO TELL THE TRUE STORY OF **"THE CITY OF DEATH!"**

IT'S A TEEMING, BUSY METROPOLIS NOW... BUT IN A FEW MINUTES I'LL MAKE IT A CEMETERY OF SKYSCRAPERS!

WHO WAS THIS MAN? WHAT WAS THE DEADLY GRIP HE HAD ON AN ENTIRE CITY?

POLICE FILES OF EVERY CITY ARE FILLED WITH UNUSUAL AND SHOCKING CRIME CASES WHICH DEFY BELIEF! THIS IS ONE OF THOSE CASES... STRANGER THAN FICTION... YET EVERY WORD IS FROM AUTHENTICATED POLICE RECORDS!

DI PRETA

830

WE'LL CALL THE CITY METRO... JUST FOR THIS STORY! IT'S NOT IT'S REAL NAME, NEITHER ARE THE OTHER NAMES USED HERE REAL NAMES... THEY CANNOT BE, AS YOU'LL UNDERSTAND! BUT IT'S A BIG, BUSTLING TOWN, ACTIVE AS USUAL ON THE MORNING OF MAY 11, 1948....

UP THE STAIRS OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, WALKED A MAN... TALL, THIN, GAUNT... WITH DEEPSET EYES... AN UNKNOWN MAN ...BUT ONE WHO WOULD SET THE WHOLE CITY ON EDGE IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS...

I WANT TO TALK TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE, OFFICER!

YOU'LL FIND HIM IN ROOM ONE, JUST INSIDE, SIR!

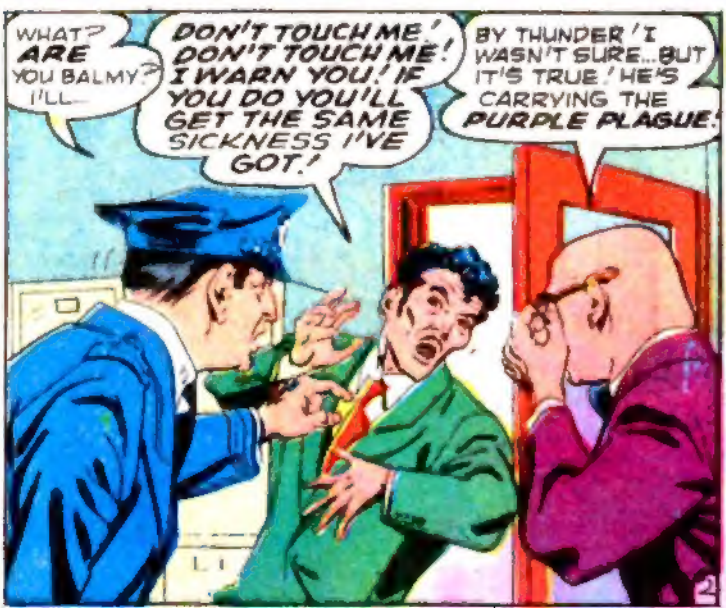
POLI

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

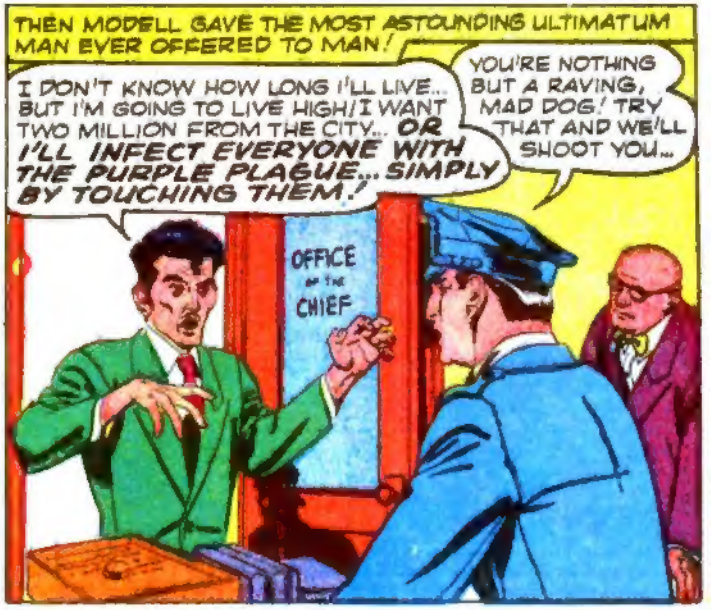
THAT'S HOW IT BEGAN...A MAN VISITING THE POLICE... AN OFFICER GIVING DIRECTIONS... SIMPLE...SO FAR ... UNTIL THE POLICEMAN REACHED OUT FOR THE MAN'S ARM TO GUIDE HIM INSIDE....

THE MAN WALKED BOLDLY INTO THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF CHIEF BERNARD STALLINGS.! STALLINGS HAPPENED TO BE IN CONFERENCE WITH DR PAUL VENABLE, THE CITY HEALTH COMMISSIONER...
CHIEF STALLINGS? I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! IT'S VERY IMPORTANT! VERY IMPORTANT...
SURE, MR... WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SIR?
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF

DR VENABLE IMMEDIATELY NOTICED SOMETHING DRASTICALLY WRONG WITH THE VISITOR...
TALK TO HIM CALMLY, BARNEY! HE'S A SICK MAN!
I HEARD YOU! YES..I'M SICK..BUT MY EARS ARE KEEN, GENTLEMEN! MY NAME IS CHARLES MODELL!


WHAT? ARE YOU BALMY? I'LL—
DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T TOUCH ME! I WARN YOU! IF YOU DO YOU'LL GET THE SAME SICKNESS I'VE GOT!
BY THUNDER! I WASN'T SURE..BUT IT'S TRUE! HE'S CARRYING THE PURPLE PLAGUE!

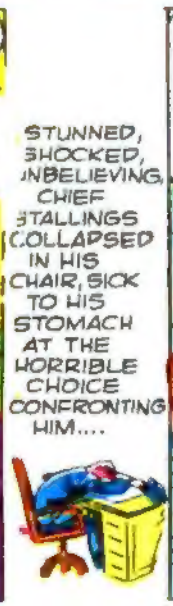
JUST A MINUTE, MODELL, I'M A DOCTOR! YOU NEED TREATMENT! YOU....
DON'T KID ME, DOCTOR! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT THERE'S NO CURE FOR WHAT I'VE GOT!
BUT.... $2,000,000! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!


THEN MODELL GAVE THE MOST ASTOUNDING ULTIMATUM MAN EVER OFFERED TO MAN!
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'LL LIVE.. BUT I'M GOING TO LIVE HIGH! I WANT TWO MILLION FROM THE CITY... OR I'LL INFECT EVERYONE WITH THE PURPLE PLAGUE... SIMPLY BY TOUCHING THEM!
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A RAVING, MAD DOG! TRY THAT AND WE'LL SHOOT YOU...
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF

NO, BARNEY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
WHAT? WHY NOT? WE'VE A RIGHT TO PROTECT OUR CITY FROM SOMETHING LIKE THAT..!
THE DOC'S RIGHT, CHIEF! SHOOT ME... AND THE GERMS OF THE PLAGUE WILL POUR OUT OF THE WOUND AND INTO THOSE AROUND ME..!

THIS IS CRAZY! YOU MEAN WE CAN'T TOUCH THIS GUY AND PUT HIM UNDER ARREST...? AND WE CAN'T KILL HIM TO SAVE THE PEOPLE?
THAT'S ABOUT IT, I'M AFRAID! HONESTLY, BARNEY.. I KNOW ABOUT THIS ILLNESS, IT'S RARE... VERY RARE... BUT THIS MAN'S GOT IT, ALL RIGHT!

GREAT GUNS, DOCTOR! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? DO YOU MEAN WE'VE GOT TO DO WHAT THIS MADMAN TELLS US TO DO... AND HAND OVER TWO MILLION DOLLARS TO HIM... JUST LIKE THAT?
THAT'S ABOUT IT, CHIEF! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT... UNLESS YOU WANT TO SEE METRO WIPED OUT!


STUNNED, SHOCKED, UNBELIEVING, CHIEF STALLINGS COLLAPSED IN HIS CHAIR, SICK TO HIS STOMACH AT THE HORRIBLE CHOICE CONFRONTING HIM....

I'VE BEEN A PETTY THIEF ALL MY LIFE, CHIEF ...RUNNING AWAY FROM YOU COPS! WHEN I FOUND OUT THAT I WAS SICK, I WAS READY TO KILL MYSELF UNTIL I THOUGHT OF HOW I'D DO THIS... COME TO YOU... HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, CHIEF? HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

STALLINGS WAS AN OLD, TOUGH COP.. AND HE COULDN'T TAKE THIS LYING DOWN!
I'LL TELL YOU HOW I LIKE IT... I THINK YOU'RE BLUFFING! THAT'S WHAT! IT'S A NICE TRY BUT IT DIDN'T WORK! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!
OKAY, CHIEF!
BARNEY! NO!

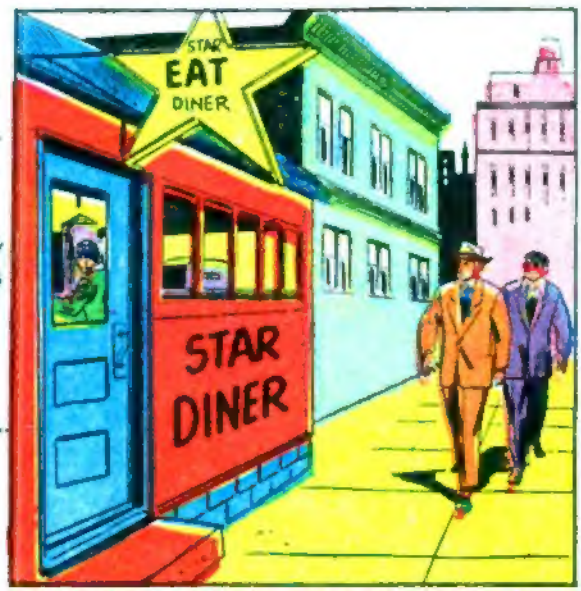
I'LL LEAVE, ALL RIGHT... BUT I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE! IT'S TEN A.M. NOW, I'LL GIVE THE DOC HERE TWO HOURS TO PROVE TO YOU THAT I'M NOT BLUFFING! AT 12 O'CLOCK I'LL BE LISTENING TO THE RADIO, IF YOU DON'T ANNOUNCE THAT YOU'RE READY TO PAY ME THE DOUGH... I'LL START IN! YOU'LL SEE WHO'S BLUFFIN'! I'LL BE WAITING IN THE STAR DINER!
BARNEY! STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM GO!

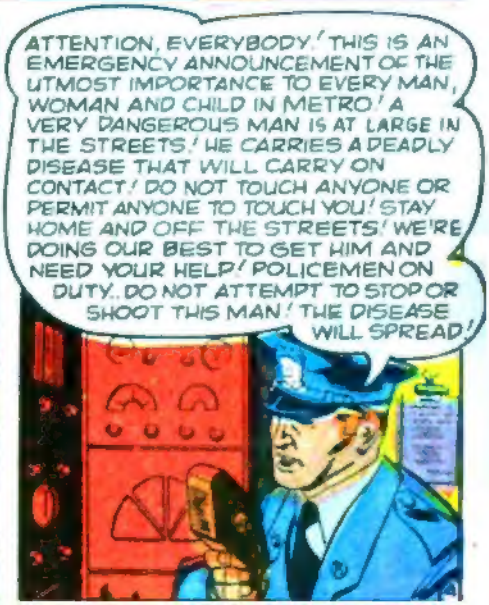
BUT STALLINGS HAD HIS OWN WAY OF HANDLING THIS! THE INSTANT MODELL LEFT, HE CALLED IN HIS SQUAD OF DETECTIVES AND QUICKLY EXPLAINED THE ASTOUNDING SITUATION TO THEM!
...THAT'S HOW IT IS, I NEED VOLUNTEERS FOR THIS JOB! WHOEVER GETS HIM ISN'T LIKELY TO COME BACK...!
I'LL GO, CHIEF!
I'LL GO!
ME, I'LL GO!

AS ONE MAN, EVERY DETECTIVE RESPONDED FOR THE HAZARDOUS TASK! STALLINGS FINALLY PICKED TWO OF HIS BEST AND YOUNGEST OFFICERS! DETECTIVES PETE HELSEY AND BEN GILPIN...

SOMEHOW... I DON'T KNOW HOW... YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS MADMAN! I WAS ONLY ST..LLING FOR TIME WHEN I LET HIM GO! BUT REMEMBER... IF YOU TOUCH HIM... YOU DIE! AND IF YOU SHOOT HIM... THE DISEASE SPREADS ANYWAY! GO TO IT, BOYS... AND GOOD LUCK! YOU'VE ONLY GOT TWO HOURS!
LEAVE IT TO US, CHIEF!

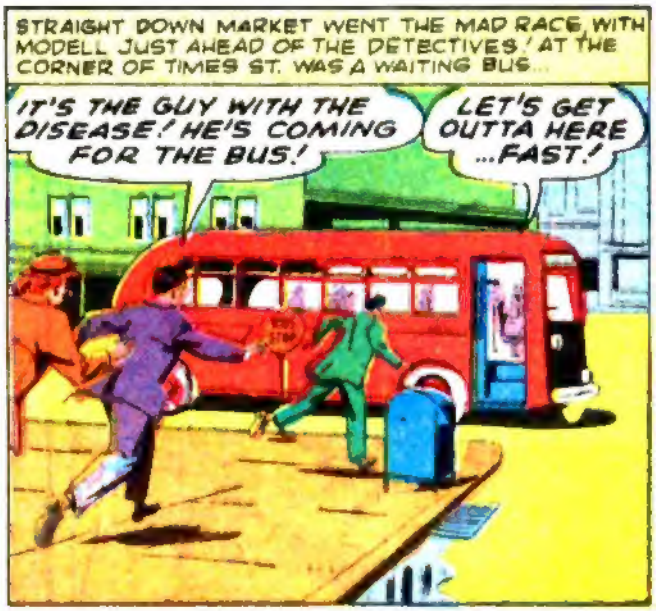
HELSEY AND GILPIN KNEW THIS THIS WAS A SUICIDE MISSION... BUT THE SAFETY OF THE CITY WAS AT STAKE, AND THEY WERE POLICE OFFICERS, PLEDGED TO GIVE THEIR LIVES TO PROTECT THE PUBLIC! THEY HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE STAR DINER AT MARKET AND ARROW STREETS..




ATTENTION, EVERYBODY! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE TO EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN METRO! A VERY DANGEROUS MAN IS AT LARGE IN THE STREETS! HE CARRIES A DEADLY DISEASE THAT WILL CARRY ON CONTACT! DO NOT TOUCH ANYONE OR PERMIT ANYONE TO TOUCH YOU! STAY HOME AND OFF THE STREETS! WE'RE DOING OUR BEST TO GET HIM AND NEED YOUR HELP! POLICEMEN ON DUTY.. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO STOP OR SHOOT THIS MAN! THE DISEASE WILL SPREAD!

AT THE DINER, COUNTERMAN PHIL STERN, LISTENED TO THE ALARMING ANNOUNCEMENT!
HOLY SMOKE! CAN YOU BEAT THAT?
SO HE DOES BELIEVE ME AFTER ALL, EH? HE KNOWS I'M NOT BLUFFING! I'LL GET MY TWO MILLION!
HEY, PHIL! THAT'S THE GUY!
FRANK'S BEANS 45¢
THE NEXT INSTANT HELSEY AND GILPIN WALKED IN...
ALL RIGHT, MODELL! WE'RE TAKING YOU IN...!
TOUCH ME! GO ON... TOUCH ME!
THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO, BROTHER!
MODELL INSTANTLY REALIZED THAT THESE DETECTIVES WERE READY TO SACRIFICE THEIR LIVES TO TAKE HIM! HIS GAME WOULD BE UP! THEN HE ACTED FAST....
GET OUT OF MY WAY, PAL! I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE!
EEEEH! DON'T TOUCH ME!
AFTER HIM, BEN!
THE STREETS WERE DESERTED, THE WHOLE POPULATION HIDING FROM THE DANGER OF THE PURPLE PLAGUE! MODELL RAN OUT, KNOWING THAT AS LONG AS HE COULD STAY OUT OF REACH OF THE POLICE, HE'D HOLD OUT TILL THE 12 O'CLOCK DEADLINE....
STAR DINER
STAR DINER
AT THE CORNER OF MARKET AND NANTUCKET AVENUE THE CHASE WAS SEEN BY A PATROLMAN WHO HADN'T HEARD THE WARNING!
THAT'S TWO DETECTIVES CHASING SOMEBODY! I'LL STOP HIM!
NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!
OKAY! I WON'T SHOOT! BUT I'LL STOP HIM ANYWAY!
GOOD HEAVENS! NO!

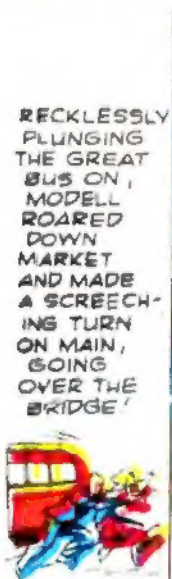
WITH A DESPERATE TACKLE, GILPIN THREW HIMSELF AT THE LEAPING PATROLMAN, STOPPING HIM JUST IN TIME FROM TOUCHING THE CARRIER OF THE PURPLE PLAGUE!
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN! KEEP AFTER HIM, BEN!

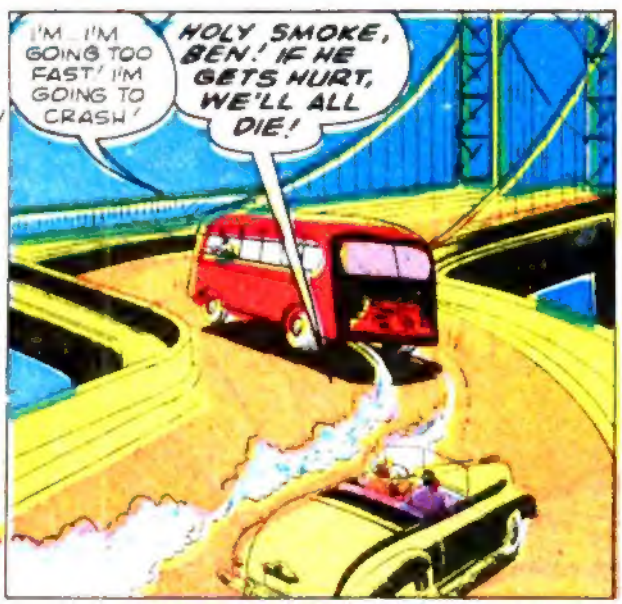

STRAIGHT DOWN MARKET WENT THE MAD RACE, WITH MODELL JUST AHEAD OF THE DETECTIVES! AT THE CORNER OF TIMES ST. WAS A WAITING BUS...
IT'S THE GUY WITH THE DISEASE! HE'S COMING FOR THE BUS!
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE ...FAST!

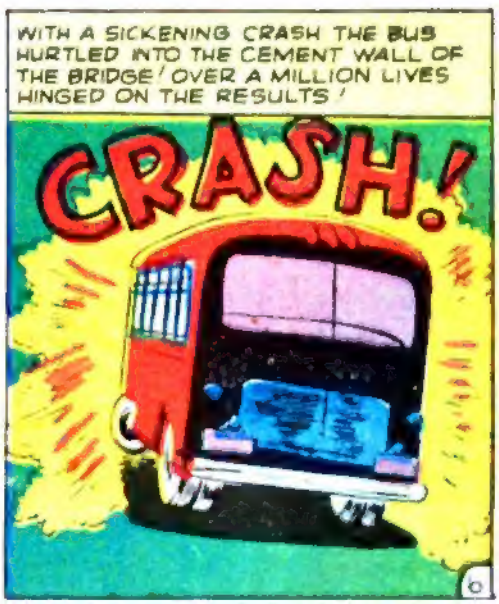
BUT MODELL JUMPED ON THE RUNNING BOARD JUST AS IT STARTED UP
LISTEN TO ME DRIVER! GO FOUR BLOCKS AND STOP! THEN EVERYBODY GET OUT! I NEED THIS HEAP!
YEAH, SURE! ANYTHING YOU SAY!

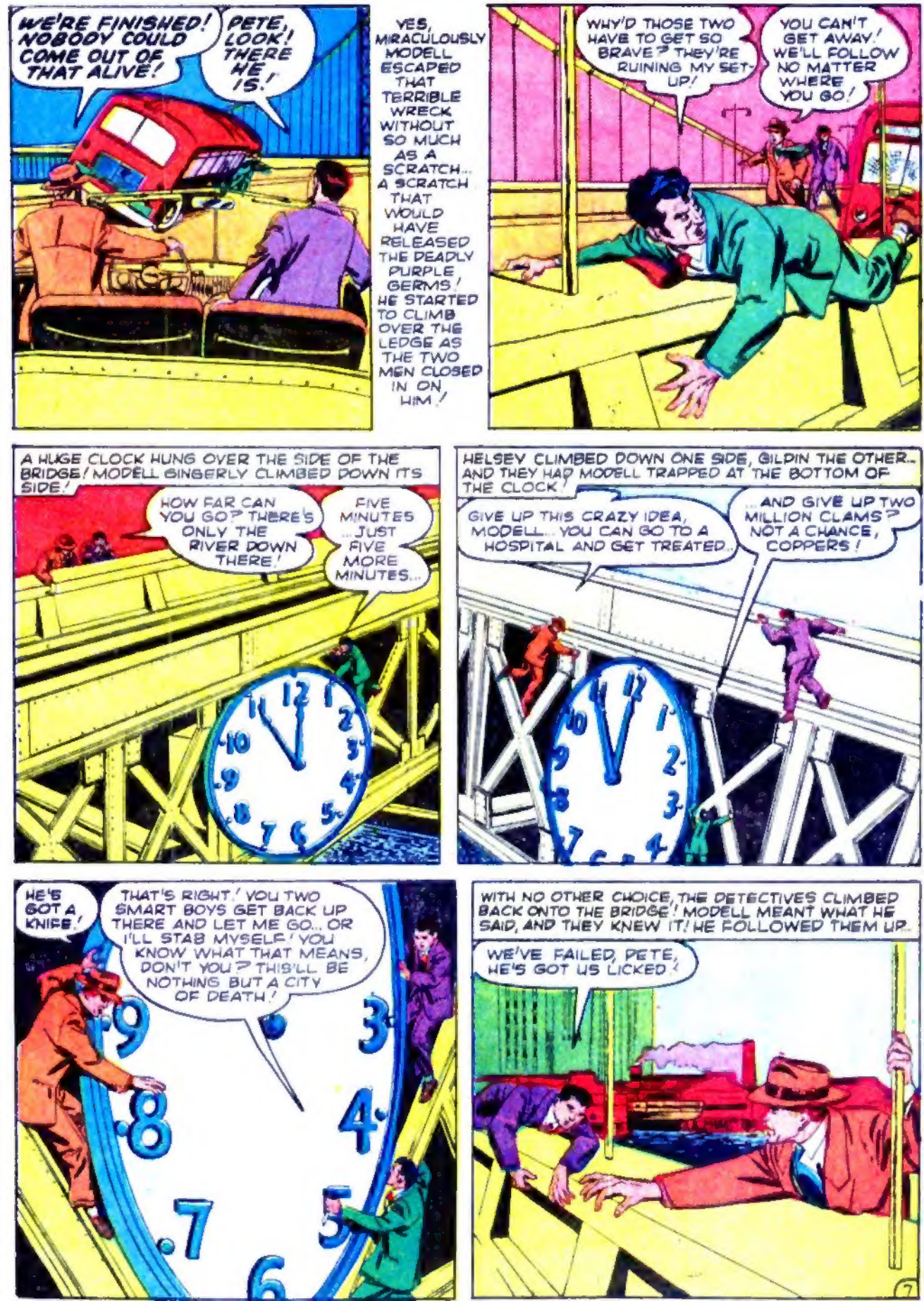
WHEN THE BUS STOPPED, THE TERRIFIED PASSENGERS RAN FOR THEIR LIVES! MODELL SAT BEHIND THE WHEEL AND CURSED THE DETECTIVES WHO WERE DRAWING CLOSE!
GO JUMP IN THE LAKE, COPPERS! YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME! I'M ON MY WAY TO TWO MILLION DOLLARS OR EVERYBODY IN METRO DIES, SEE!

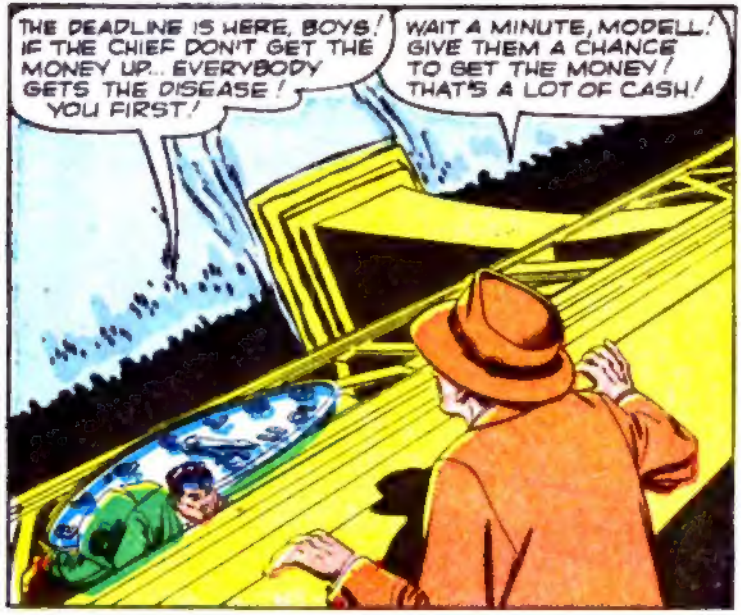
GOTTA CATCH HIM! GOTTA CATCH HIM!
BEN! THERE'S A KEY IN THE IGNITION LOCK OF THIS CAR!


RECKLESSLY PLUNGING THE GREAT BUS ON, MODELL ROARED DOWN MARKET AND MADE A SCREECHING TURN ON MAIN, GOING OVER THE BRIDGE!


I'M... I'M GOING TOO FAST! I'M GOING TO CRASH!
HOLY SMOKE, BEN! IF HE GETS HURT, WE'LL ALL DIE!

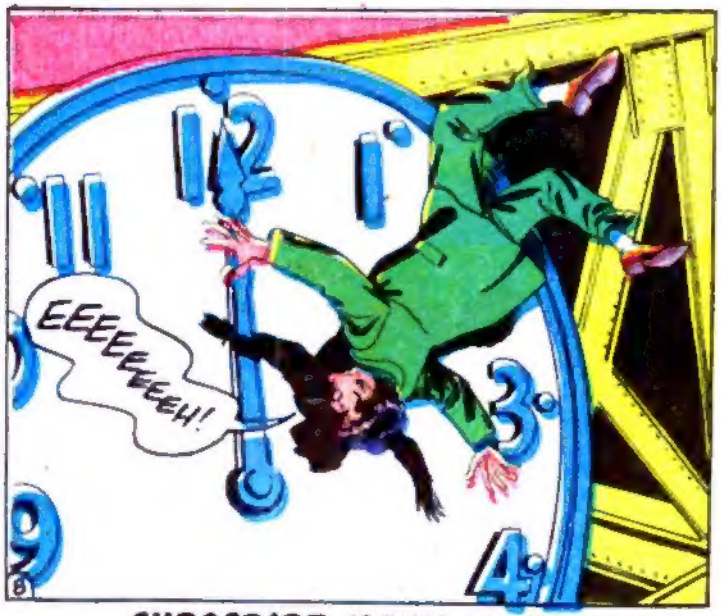

WITH A SICKENING CRASH THE BUS HURTLED INTO THE CEMENT WALL OF THE BRIDGE! OVER A MILLION LIVES HINGED ON THE RESULTS!
CRASH!


WE'RE FINISHED! NOBODY COULD COME OUT OF THAT ALIVE!
PETE, LOOK! THERE HE IS!
YES, MIRACULOUSLY MODELL ESCAPED THAT TERRIBLE WRECK WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A SCRATCH... A SCRATCH THAT WOULD HAVE RELEASED THE DEADLY PURPLE GERMS! HE STARTED TO CLIMB OVER THE LEDGE AS THE TWO MEN CLOSED IN ON HIM!
WHY'D THOSE TWO HAVE TO GET SO BRAVE? THEY'RE RUINING MY SET-UP!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY! WE'LL FOLLOW NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO!
A HUGE CLOCK HUNG OVER THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE! MODELL GINGERLY CLIMBED DOWN ITS SIDE!
HOW FAR CAN YOU GO? THERE'S ONLY THE RIVER DOWN THERE!
FIVE MINUTES ...JUST FIVE MORE MINUTES...
HELSEY CLIMBED DOWN ONE SIDE, GILPIN THE OTHER.. AND THEY HAD MODELL TRAPPED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLOCK!
GIVE UP THIS CRAZY IDEA, MODELL... YOU CAN GO TO A HOSPITAL AND GET TREATED..
...AND GIVE UP TWO MILLION CLAMS? NOT A CHANCE, COPPERS!
HE'S GOT A KNIFE!
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU TWO SMART BOYS GET BACK UP THERE AND LET ME GO... OR I'LL STAB MYSELF! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, DON'T YOU? THIS'LL BE NOTHING BUT A CITY OF DEATH!
WITH NO OTHER CHOICE, THE DETECTIVES CLIMBED BACK ONTO THE BRIDGE! MODELL MEANT WHAT HE SAID, AND THEY KNEW IT! HE FOLLOWED THEM UP..
WE'VE FAILED, PETE, HE'S GOT US LICKED!
7


THE DEADLINE IS HERE, BOYS! IF THE CHIEF DON'T GET THE MONEY UP... EVERYBODY GETS THE DISEASE! YOU FIRST!
WAIT A MINUTE, MODELL! GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO GET THE MONEY! THAT'S A LOT OF CASH!

NO! I'M NOT WAITING! I CHANGED MY MIND! HE TRIED TO TRICK ME BY SENDING YOU AFTER ME, HE SHOULDA GIVEN YOU THE DOUGH TO TAKE TO ME... SEE? NOW HE'S GOT ME VERY SORE! HA! HA! HA! I CAN KILL A WHOLE CITY! HA! HA! HA!

THEN, HIS BRAIN COMPLETELY WRECKED BY THE DISEASE, HIS CRIMINAL MIND TOOK OVER! MODELL, LAUGHING WILDLY, LEANED OVER THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE TO SEE WHAT TIME IT WAS..



SO THE HORRIBLE SUSPENSE WAS OVER... CHARLES MODELL, THE CRIMINAL WHO WANTED TO KILL A CITY, DROWNED IN THE HAPPINGER RIVER... AND DROWNING DESTROYED THE GERMS OF THE PURPLE PLAGUE FOREVER!

THE END

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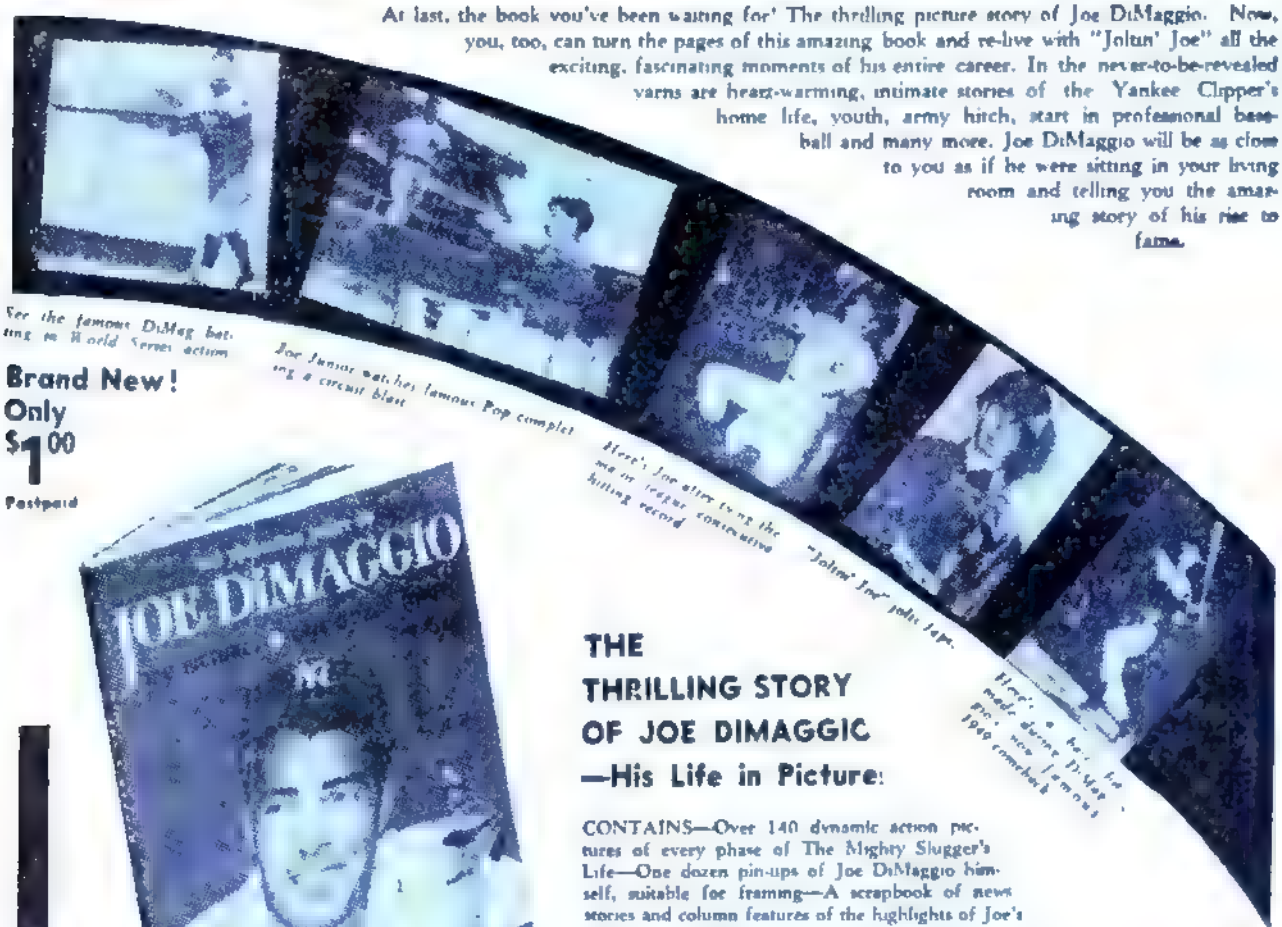

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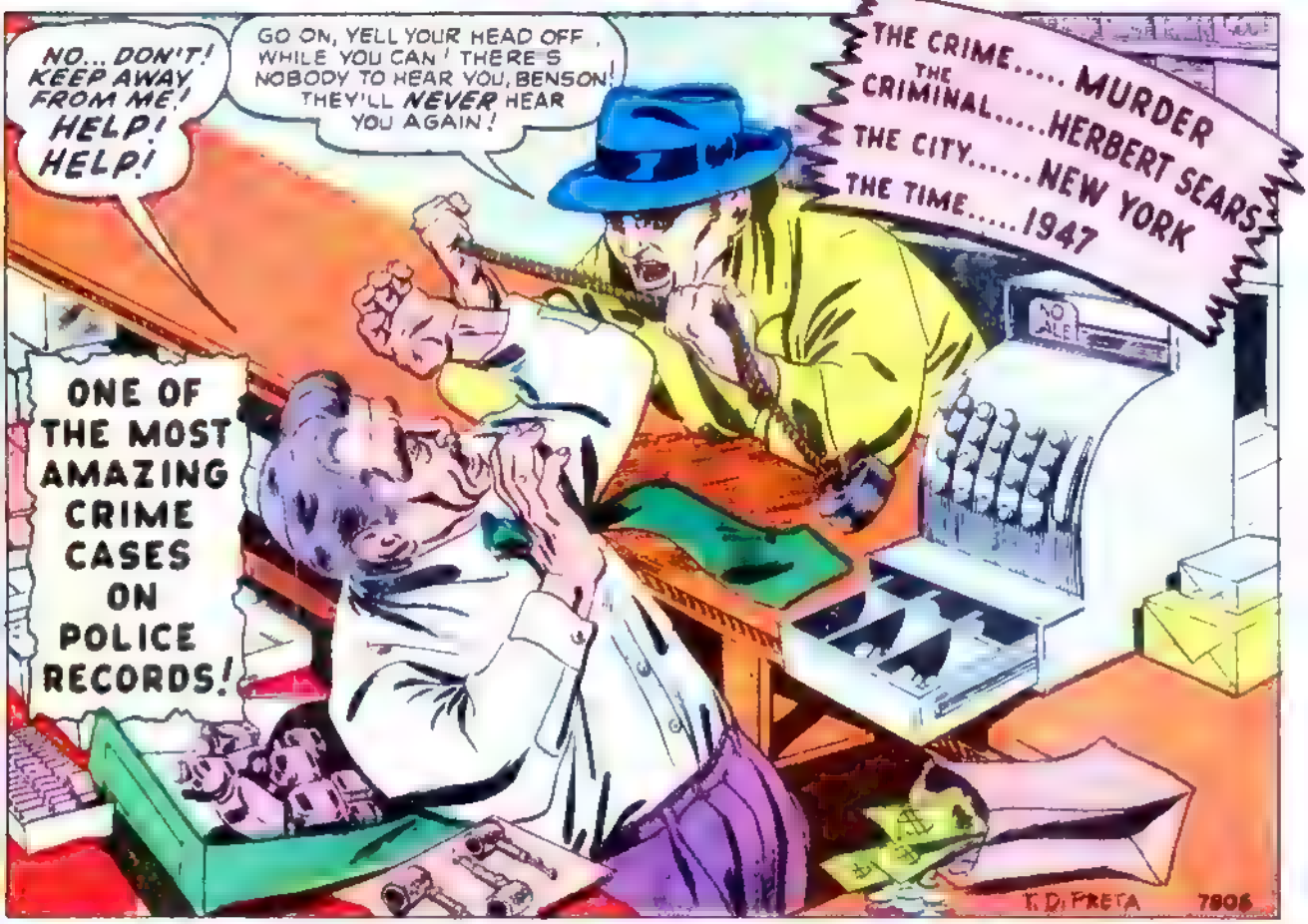
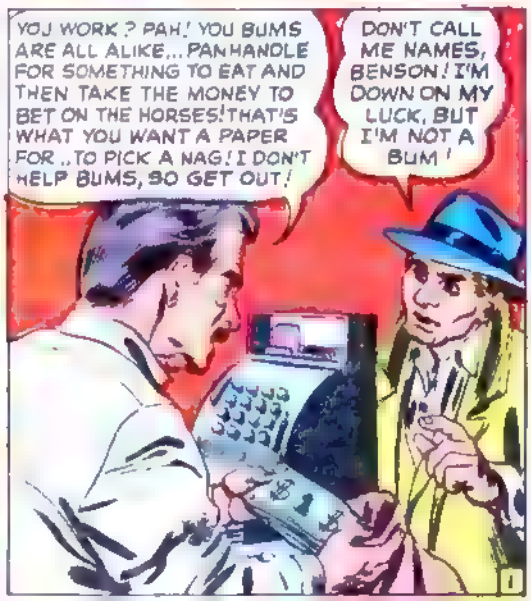
HERBERT'S HIDEOUS CRIME


NO... DON'T! KEEP AWAY FROM ME! HELP! HELP!
GO ON, YELL YOUR HEAD OFF, WHILE YOU CAN! THERE'S NOBODY TO HEAR YOU, BENSON! THEY'LL NEVER HEAR YOU AGAIN!
THE CRIME..... MURDER
THE CRIMINAL.....HERBERT SEARS
THE CITY.....NEW YORK
THE TIME.....1947
ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING CRIME CASES ON POLICE RECORDS!
K. DiPRETA
7805

I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A NICKEL FOR THE FOLLOWING MORNING'S PAPER...THAT'S HOW BROKE I WAS! YOU'D THINK THAT EVEN AN OLD MISER LIKE POP BENSON WOULD HAVE TRUSTED ME FOR A MEASLY JIT...

DO I LOOK LIKE SANTA CLAUS, MISTER? IF I LET EVERYBODY OWE ME FOR PAPERS I MIGHT AS WELL GO OUT OF BUSINESS!
PLEASE, MR. BENSON... I'M DESPERATE! I WANT TO LOOK AT THE HELP WANTED ADS, MAYBE IF I SEE A JOB TONIGHT I CAN GET THERE FIRST IN THE MORNING AND LAND IT...


YOU WORK? PAH! YOU BUMS ARE ALL ALIKE... PANHANDLE FOR SOMETHING TO EAT AND THEN TAKE THE MONEY TO BET ON THE HORSES! THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT A PAPER FOR..TO PICK A NAG! I DON'T HELP BUMS, SO GET OUT!
DON'T CALL ME NAMES, BENSON! I'M DOWN ON MY LUCK, BUT I'M NOT A BUM!

YOU ARE A BUM! NOW GET .W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT ROPE? KEEP AWAY FROM ME... I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME HAVE THE PAPER, BENSON I.M GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN THAT NOW, AND YOU WON'T CALL THE POLICE, OR ANYBODY.., EVER!
I DIDN'T GO IN THERE TO MURDER POP BENSON .NOT EVEN TO ROB HIM. BUT THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! IT WAS CRAZY! IF I HAD PLANNED A PERFECT CRIME IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BETTER! THE STREETS WERE DESERTED... NOT A WITNESS, NOT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE TO POINT TO ME!
FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN DOLLARS... IT MUST BE EVERY CENT HE HAD IN THE WORLD! I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT A JOB NOW...
NO, THAT WOULD LOOK SUSPICIOUS... SOMEONE MIGHT WANT TO KNOW WHERE I SUDDENLY GOT MONEY, I'LL TRY TO FIND A JOB .. THE MONEY WILL BE SAFE HERE... ALL BUT TEN DOLLARS, I'LL SPEND ONLY WHEN ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY!
EVEN WHEN I AWOKE THE NEXT MORNING I FELT SAFE, IT SEEMED AS .F THINGS WOULD GO RIGHT FOR ME NOW, BUT AS I LEFT MY FLAT...
SEARS? SURE THING, MISTER, COME, I HAVE TO GO UPSTAIRS ANYHOW, I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE HIS APARTMENT IS, SAY ARE YOU A. .A DETECTIVE?
HUH! DOES IT SHOW THAT MUCH? WELL, LET'S GO!
A DETECTIVE! HOW COULD THEY KNOW SO SOON? HOW DID THEY FIND OUT? MAYBE SOMEONE DID SEE ME... IT'LL BE MY FINISH. .THE CHAIR!
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY... GOT TO GET THIS MONEY OUT! BLAST IT! SOME OF THE DOUGH HAS FALLEN INTO THE POLE. . THERE'S NO TIME TO FISH IT OUT!
MR. SEARS... ARE YOU IN THERE? THAT'S FUNNY.. I BEEN OUTSIDE SINCE SIX O CLOCK AND I DIDN'T SEE HIM COME OUT! I BETTER OPEN THE DOOR WITH MY PASSKEY..
KNOCK!
21

HEY, YOU!
ACH! HE'LL BE BACK! MR. SEARS OWES ME FOR TWO MONTHS RENT SO HE TRIES NOT TO SEE ME BY GOING DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE! SUCH NONSENSE!
ON TWO DIFFERENT OCCASIONS I TRIED TO SLIP BACK INTO THE HOUSE, BUT THAT DETECTIVE WAS THERE WAITING! ONCE HE SPOTTED ME, I RAN, AND HE CHASED ME... BUT I GOT AWAY! NOTHING MATTERED BUT ESCAPING ARREST FOR MURDER! I HAD TO LOSE MYSELF, DESTROY MY IDENTITY...
BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, WHO SENT YOU HERE?
A MAN BY THE NAME OF FENNEL TOLD ME TO SAY HE SENT ME! I MET HIM LAST NIGHT ON ELEVENTH AVENUE! IT COST ME FIFTY DOLLARS TO GET HIM TO GIVE ME YOUR NAME, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MONEY... I HAVE THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN MY POCKET!
THREE HUNDRED! I CHARGE A THOUSAND FOR JUST A PLASTIC SURGERY JOB ON YOUR FACE... AND YOU WANT YOUR FINGERPRINTS OBLITERATED, YOUR TEETH REMOVED, I CAN'T DO IT FOR..
PLEASE! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH! I COULD GIVE YOU AN I.O.U OR BRING MORE MONEY AS SOON AS I GET IT!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO IT... BUT I DON'T WANT TO KNOW YOUR NAME, OR ANYTHING ABOUT YOU! I DON'T WANT YOU TO COME HERE AGAIN, FORGET ABOUT THE REST OF THE MONEY! I'LL DO THE JOB ON YOU, BUT DON'T TRY TO IMPLICATE ME LATER BECAUSE I'LL DENY EVER HAVING SEEN YOU!
ALRIGHT! I'D HAVE NO REASON TO SEE YOU AGAIN..
THE DOCTOR DID THE COMPLETE JOB ON ME THAT NIGHT! I DON'T KNOW HOW I LIVED THROUGH IT OR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS OF TORTURE! I STAYED IN THE CELLAR OF THE DOCTOR'S HOME, AND AT THE END OF THAT TIME HE REMOVED THE BANDAGES, SUPPLIED ME WITH A SET OF POORLY FITTED TEETH, AND SENT ME ON MY WAY...
KEEP TO THE BACK ALLEYS TILL YOU GET AWAY FROM HERE, AND REMEMBER WHAT I SAID.. DON'T TRY TO COME BACK OR TELL ANYONE WHAT I D.D! FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME!
YES... YES... I WILL, DON'T WORRY! I JUST WANT TO GET AS FAR FROM NEW YORK AS I CAN!
I HADN'T SEEN MYSELF IN A MIRROR TILL AFTER I SLIPPED BACK INTO MY FLAT THAT NIGHT! THE FACE THAT LOOKED BACK AT ME WAS MONSTROUS!
THAT.. THAT IN THE MIRROR... IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE... ME? NO... NO!!

BUT MAYBE IT'S BETTER THIS WAY... NOW THERE IS NO MORE HERBERT SEARS! I STILL HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO BLOW TOWN! THAT DETECTIVE CAN LOOK HIS HEAD OFF, HE'LL NEVER FIND ME, I'LL DESTROY WHATEVER PAPERS I HAVE ON ME!
THERE .. NOW THERE'S NOTHING TO TIE ME TO... WHO...? HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE... WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I WANT HERBERT SEARS!
CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? I'M NOT SEARS! I NEVER HEARD OF HIM!
SAY! WHAT TH'...! LISTEN, YOU LUNATIC!
THIS PLACE IS FULL OF CRAZY PEOPLE! FIRST SEARS RUNS AWAY AND I CAN'T FIND HIM.., AND NOW YOU! WELL, I'M THROUGH CHASING AFTER HIM, TRY TO FIND A GUY TO TURN A FORTUNE OVER TO HIM, AND... AW, NUTS! IT'S NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE...
WHAT? WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?
B-BUT WEREN'T YOU LOOKING FOR SEARS BECAUSE HE.. I MEAN, AREN'T YOU A DETECTIVE?
SURE! SO WHAT? SEARS' ONLY LIVING RELATIVE, AN AUNT IN TOLEDO KICKED OFF! SHE LEFT THE CHUMP A COOL HALF-A-MILLION BUCKS! I WAS HIRED BY HER LAWYER TO FIND THE NEPHEW! WELL, I'VE HAD ENOUGH...
A PRIVATE DETECTIVE! HALF-A-MILLION! I ONCE HEARD ABOUT AN AUNT SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE WEST, BUT I DON'T KNOW. LOOK, MISTER... I'M HERBERT SEARS... YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT? I'LL PROVE IT!
HA-HA-HA! FIRST YOU NEVER HEARD OF HERBERT SEARS,, NOW YOU'RE HIM! WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, A SAP? I SAW SEARS... I KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!
NOTHING BUT CHARRED CINDERS! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME, MISTER... I'M HERBERT SEARS! I HAD SOME IDENTIFICATION, BUT I BURNED IT!
OH, SURE, THAT'S A COCKEYED STORY IF I EVER HEARD ONE! I DON'T BLAME A GUY FOR TRYING! 500 G'S IS A LOT OF CABBAGE, BUT, PAL, YOU DON'T LOOK ANY MORE LIKE THE HERBERT SEARS I SAW THAN MARVEL BOY!

WAIT! THE JANITOR.. HE KNOWS ME .. HE'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM!
BOY, YOU SURE WANT TO GET YOUR HANDS ON THAT MONEY! THE JANITOR'S THE ONE WHO POINTED SEARS OUT TO ME, BUT I HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO RIGHT NOW! COME ON!
...BUT WHY SHOULD I SAY YOU'RE MR SEARS WHEN I KNOW YOU AREN'T? I WON'T LIE! PLEASE TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, AND GO AWAY!
YOU MUST KNOW ME! I OWE YOU TWO MONTHS RENT. TELL HIM..TELL HIM THAT I'M HERBERT SEARS!
HEY! LAY OFF THE OLD GUY, PAL! HE DOESN'T KNOW YOU FROM THE MAN IN THE MOON!
BELIEVE ME, PLEASE! I'M HERBERT SEARS, I'VE BEEN POOR ALL MY LIFE, NOW A BREAK COMES ALONG AND YOU'RE TRYING TO CHEAT ME OUT OF IT! THERE'S SOMEONE WHO DOES KNOW ME... THE PLASTIC SURGEON WHO CHANGED MY FACE AND HANDS! YOU'VE GOT TO COME WITH ME TO SEE HIM!
UH, HUH, OKAY! IT SOUNDS WHACKY BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK, BUDDY LET'S GO!
A FORTUNE WAS WITHIN MY GRASP... A HALF MILLION IN COLD, HARD CASH! THE RIGHT WORD FROM THE DOCTOR AND I'D BE A RICH MAN! I PLEADED WITH HIM .. BEGGED HIM..
TELL HIM DOC ... TELL HIM HOW YOU CHANGED MY FACE... HOW YOU PULLED ALL MY TEETH
THIS IS AN INSULT! I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE
GET OUT!
I'M SEARS I TELL YOU! HERBERT SEARS! MY GOSH, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TELLING THE TRUTH? I WANT MY MONEY..IT'S COMING TO ME!
EVEN IF I BELIEVED YOU WERE SEARS, PAL YOU'D STILL HAVE TO PROVE IT TO COLLECT THAT DOUGH! SORRY I'VE GOT TO LEAVE THERE'S A TOLEDO-BOUND PLANE I CAN CATCH IF I HURRY
THEY BROUGHT ME IN HERE SIX MONTHS AGO, YOU SEE WHAT IT'S ONE BIG, DIRTY PLOT TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING THAT MONEY
DOESN'T SOMEONE HERE RECOGNIZE ME? YOU MISTER..YOU KNOW I'M HERBERT SEARS. TELL THEM LIKE A GOOD GUY WON'T YOU? TELL THEM, DO YOU HEAR?
PHEW! THIS ONE'S A DILLY! GET WHAT HE'S SAYING? I FOUND HIM DOWN ON TIMES SQUARE PESTERING PEOPLE CHASING THEM... AND ALL THE TIME YELLING THE SAME THING! I TRIED TO QUIET HIM DOWN, AND HE GOT VIOLENT
PLEASE PLEASE, YOU KNOW ME. DON'T YOU? TELL THEM I'M HERBERT SEARS
THE END

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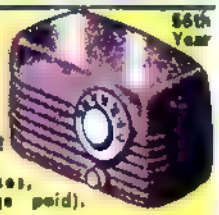

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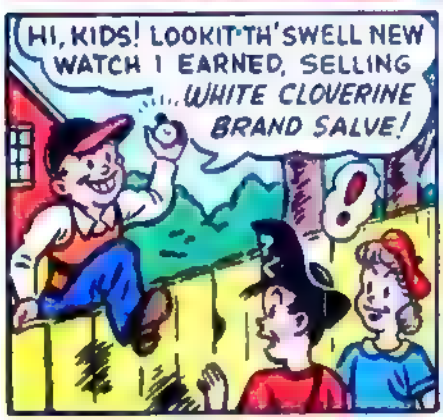

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YOUR BIG CHANCE!

LOOK!

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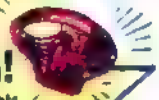

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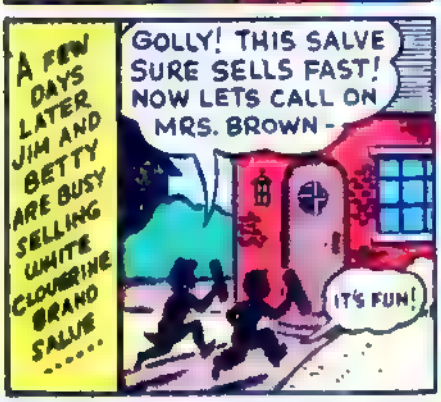
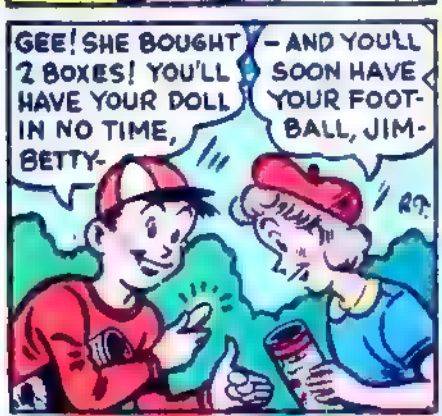

A FEW DAYS LATER JIM AND BETTY ARE BUSY SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE
GOLLY! THIS SALVE SURE SELLS FAST! NOW LETS CALL ON MRS. BROWN -
IT'S FUN!



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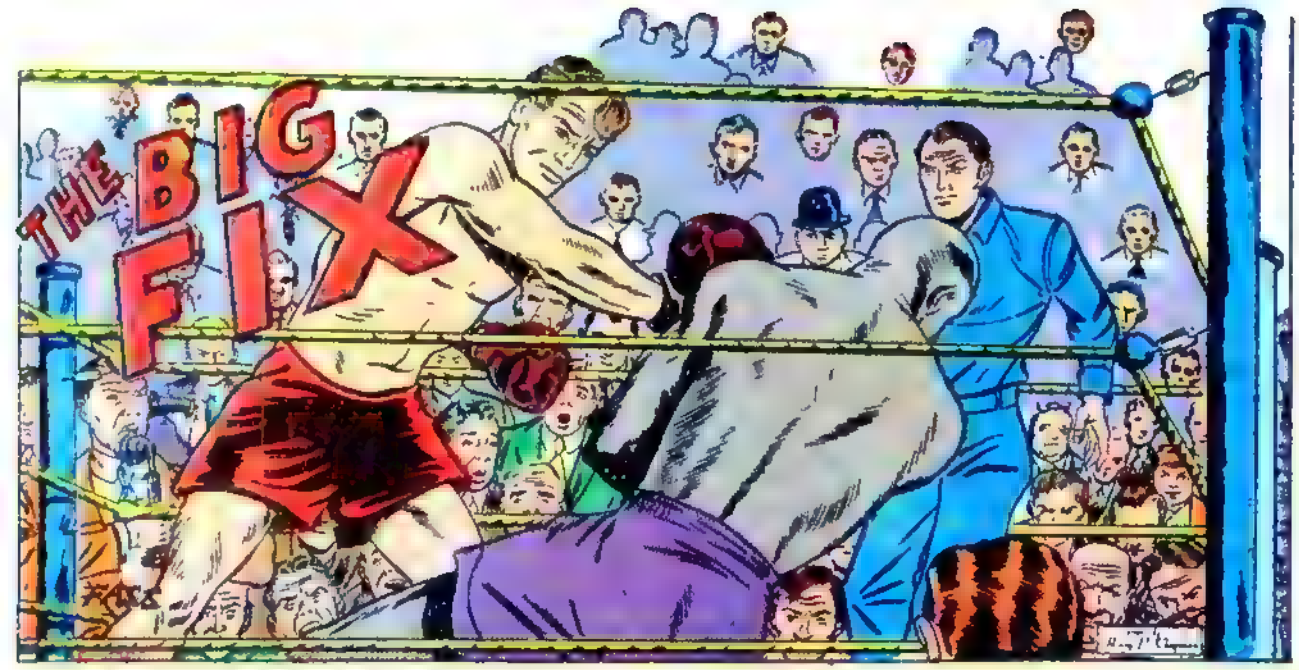


"TEN GRAND at eight to one figures to a clean take of eighty G's. That's more hay than the promoter will take in on the fight," Chub Gleason was thinking out loud about the money he would make that night. His plans for fixing the Fuller-Antoni heavyweight battle at the City Arena were shaping up fine.

"We'll be able to take that trip to Mexico with the dough, boss," Mike Perkins, Chub's gunman added to his chief's dreams. "You always said you wanted to go there for your health . . . and after this fix it'll be very healthy to go there."

"You got your part straight, huh, Mike?"

"Sure, Chub. If Fuller don't take the dive he's supposed to take then I make him take one with this," Mike paused long enough to unholster his gun. ". . . right, boss?"

At that very moment Tommy Fuller was lying on the bed in his hotel resting after the weighing-in ceremonies and photographers. The fight was a sell-out and the eyes of the sports world was on this fight. The winner would get a crack at the heavy title.

Suddenly, Jack Pierce, Tommy's manager slammed into the room as excited as a June bride. "Wake up, Tommy boy. I've got a big deal on for us. A gambler named Gleason made us an offer . . . *twenty grand if we toss the fight tonight!*"

"*WHAT?*" Tommy exploded. "You didn't okay the rat's deal, did you?"

"Sure I did. After all that's a lot more dough than we'll get for winning the fight. You can always yell for a comeback and you'll have all this dough in the till."

Seeing the hurt and unbelieving shock on the face of his youthful boxer, Jack Pierce laughed.

"Don't look so hurt, Tommy. I *did* tell Gleason I would take the money, but I talked to the District Attorney *first*. When Gleason hands me the money, there will be detectives there to arrest him for trying to fix a fight."

"All you have to do," he continued, "is go on with your fight. You'll be in the clear, because the D. A. knows the whole story, and in fact, you'll probably be a big hero when the public hears how you helped in the arrest of this fix racket."

Tommy breathed a bit easier, and lay down on the bed again. Gradually he broke into something of a smile.

"Gosh, Jack," he said, "you sure had me scared for a minute. I thought sure I had lost my last friend. If you asked me to toss this fight, I would have gone down to the Commission and announced my retirement, before fight time, so Uncle Joe could refund all the money that's been paid in."

Tommy, Jack and the seconds went down to the Arena, and to their dressing room early in the evening. After the photos and taping up ceremonies, Jack whispered to Tommy that he was going out to his rendezvous with Gleason, and told Tommy that he would signal him between the first and second rounds that everything was O.K.

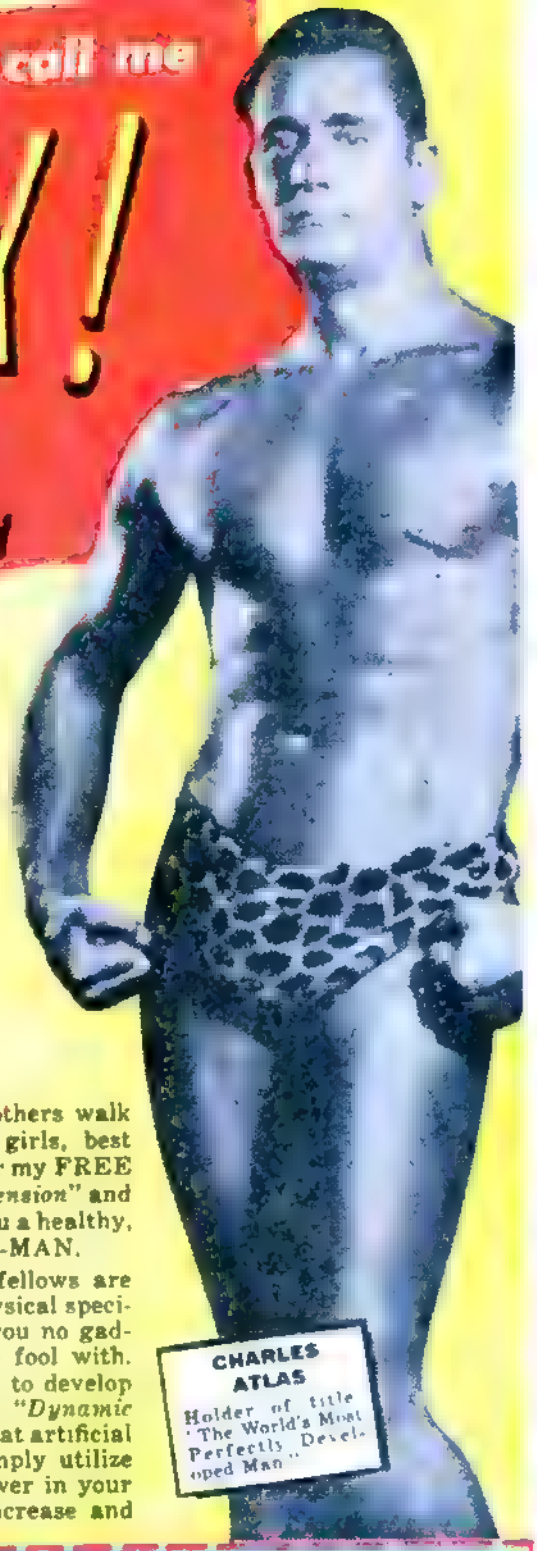
Jack went into the bar down the block from the Arena where he was to meet Chub Gleason. He got there a little earlier than he was expected, and he saw Gleason in a huddle at the

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll Give You A New Body



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"*Dynamic Tension.*" And it turned me into such a complete *specimen* of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "*Dynamic Tension*" to GET RESULTS!

"*Dynamic Tension*" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "*Dynamic Tension*" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "*Dynamic Tension*," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "*Dynamic Tension*" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60H, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

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...CONTINUED

phone booth with Mike Perkins. Jack Pierce knew Mike to be a gunman, and he immediately became sick at the thought that Gleason might have other plans than a mere payoff to assure his winning the bet.

Jack hung in the background, wishing he could get close enough to the men to hear what they were saying. It immediately struck Pierce that Gleason could be giving instructions to Mike to rub out Tommy if he looked like he was going to win the fight.

Mike Perkins left, and Jack, his heart palpitating, approached Gleason.

"Got the dough, Chub?"

"Yeah, I got it, Pierce. But you're not going to get it until after the fight. I want to be sure your boy dives."

Jack feigned fury, and said: "Hang on, Gleason. You're not pulling that one on me. I trust you even less than you trust us. If I don't give Tommy the signal between the first two rounds, he ain't going to dive."

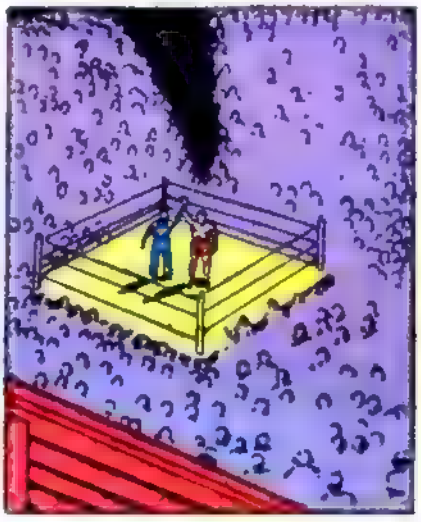
"Why, don't get mad now, Pierce. You know I wouldn't try . . ."

"Never mind what I *know*. Get up the dough."

The dispute resolved itself with Gleason handing Jack half the promised money, the other half to be delivered immediately after Tommy was declared the loser. As soon as the package of money changed hands, and Jack checked it to make sure it contained the money, the detectives, who had been lurking nearby, moved in and handcuffed Gleason. He was enraged, but the evidence was there, ten one thousand dollar bills in an envelope which had passed from Gleason's possession to Pierce's.

Now Jack Pierce turned to the detectives, and told them his fears about Mike Perkins, a known gunman.

A search for Perkins was organized without delay. It was felt he would be in a section at the Arena not too close to the ring to be obvious, and not far enough to be out of effective range. Jack allied himself with Detective Ross, and together with a detail picked from the Arena guards, they went into action. Up and down the aisles, back and forth across the open spaces in front of each block of seats, but there was no sign of Perkins. Jack was getting desperate. At the end of the first round, he had slipped down to



ringside, and had whispered into Tommy's ear that everything was under control.

The kid was putting up a whale of a fight. The crowd was on its feet at every round, and there seemed no doubt that Fuller would certainly win by a decision, if not a knockout. Jack grew more frantic as each round passed, the second, third, fourth, and here it was midway through the fifth round, with Antoni losing speed and control, and bleeding badly around the left eye. Any moment, Fuller might finish the fight, or the referee might stop it because of injuries to Antoni, and that would force Perkins to use his ever-ready gun on Tommy Fuller.

Jack checked with the detectives on whether they should tell the referee to immediately flash on the Arena light, call the fight a draw, and pull the boys off to safety. But the police objection to that plan was that they would then have no case against Perkins, except suspicion, and you can't put a man away for that. However, they agreed to do it as a last resort.

During the sixth round, Jack spied a black clad figure enter the aisle at a point where the elevation begins. He was about twenty-five yards from the ring. Jack, from one side, and Ross from the other, sidled up toward the figure, until they were standing directly in back of him. Normally Perkins would never have pulled a gun with strangers so close, but now he was afraid that his long delay might have crossed him up, since Fuller was getting steadily stronger, and it looked like the fight might end any moment. Perkins leveled his gun, and at the crucial moment, Ross shoved his wrist upward and the gun never went off.

Perkins was hauled off to jail and later convicted of attempted murder along with his boss Gleason. Both men got seven years sentences.

In their prison cells the morning after the fight when they got through reading the sports page, they threw down the papers in outraged disgust.

The headlines read:

BIG UPSET!
TONY ANTONI KNOCKS OUT TOMMY FULLER IN FINAL ROUND!

THE END 8274

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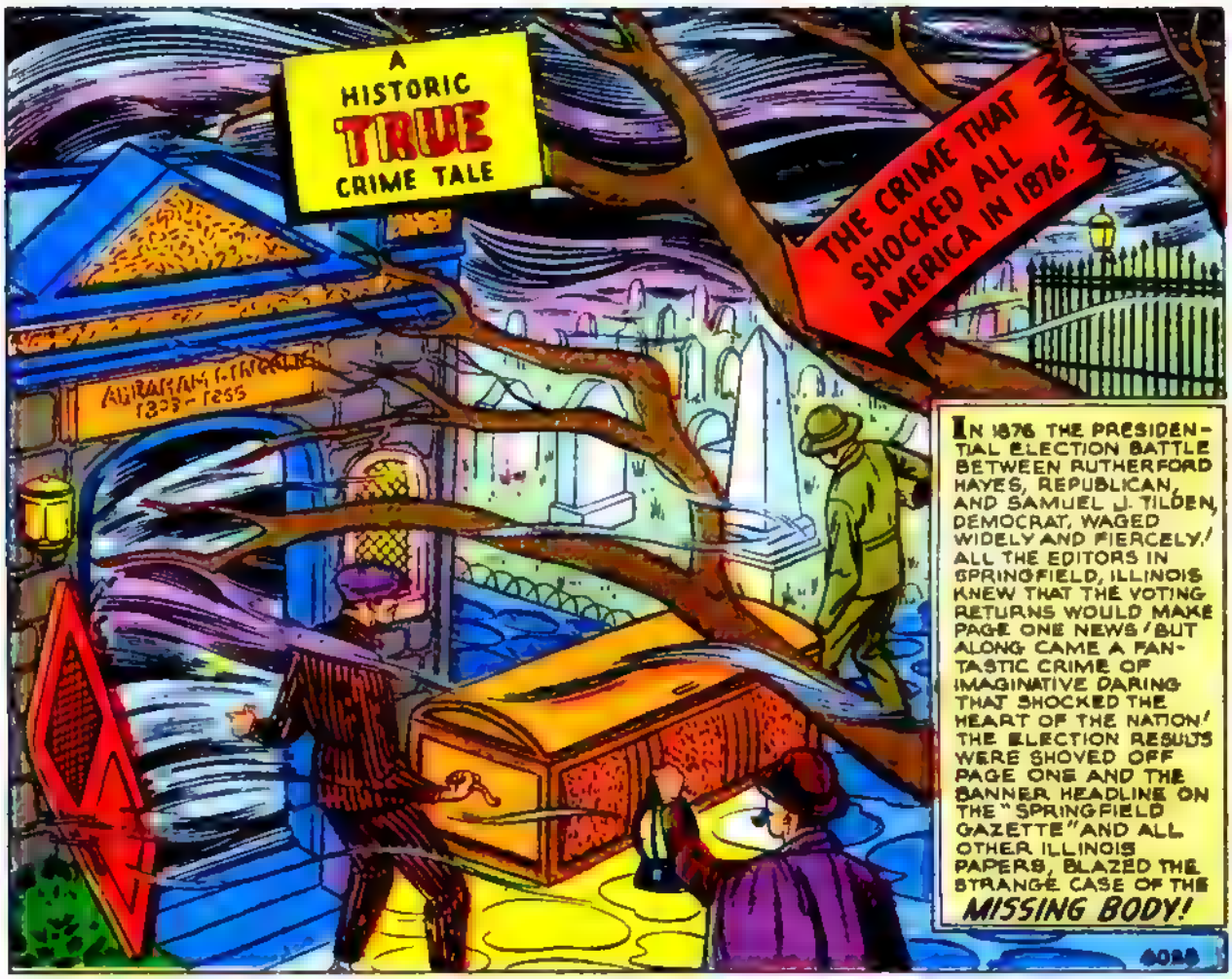
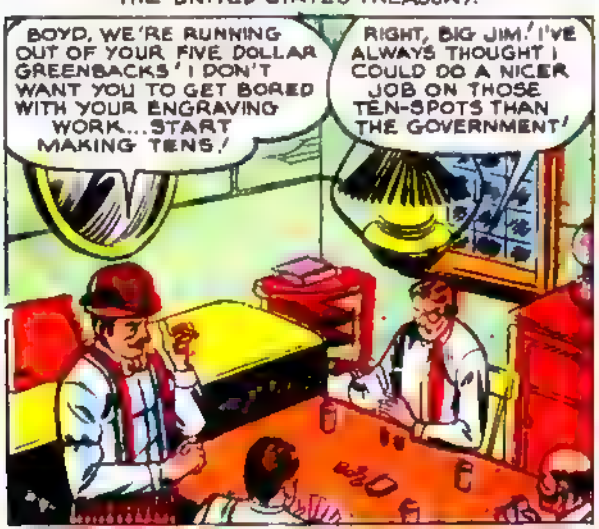
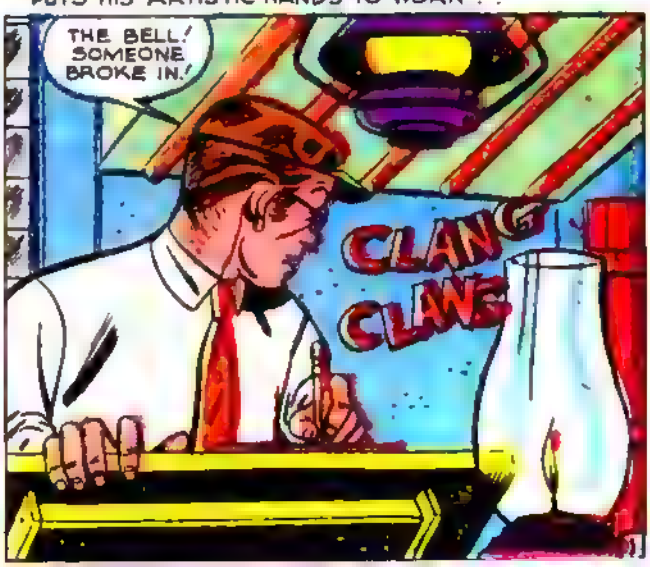
THE MISSING BODY

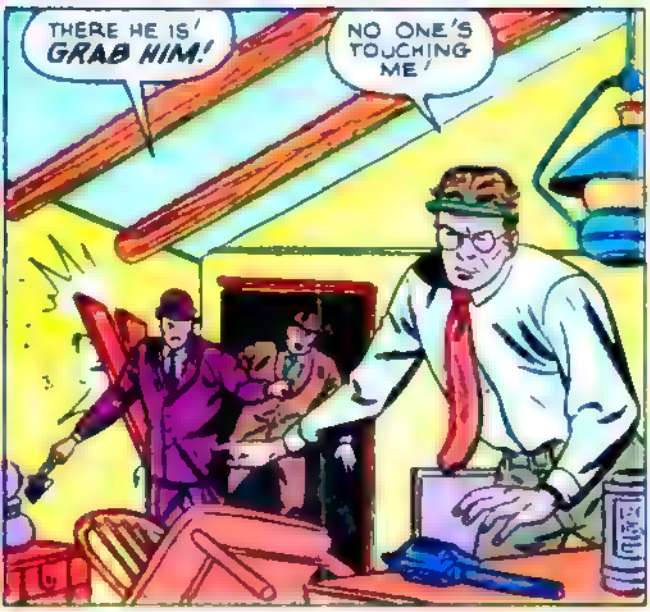

A HISTORIC TRUE CRIME TALE
THE CRIME THAT SHOCKED ALL AMERICA IN 1876!
ABRAHAM LINCOLN 1809 - 1865
IN 1876 THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION BATTLE BETWEEN RUTHERFORD HAYES, REPUBLICAN, AND SAMUEL J. TILDEN, DEMOCRAT, WAGED WIDELY AND FIERCELY! ALL THE EDITORS IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS KNEW THAT THE VOTING RETURNS WOULD MAKE PAGE ONE NEWS! BUT ALONG CAME A FANTASTIC CRIME OF IMAGINATIVE DARING THAT SHOCKED THE HEART OF THE NATION! THE ELECTION RESULTS WERE SHOVED OFF PAGE ONE AND THE BANNER HEADLINE ON THE "SPRINGFIELD GAZETTE" AND ALL OTHER ILLINOIS PAPERS, BLAZED THE STRANGE CASE OF THE MISSING BODY!
4088

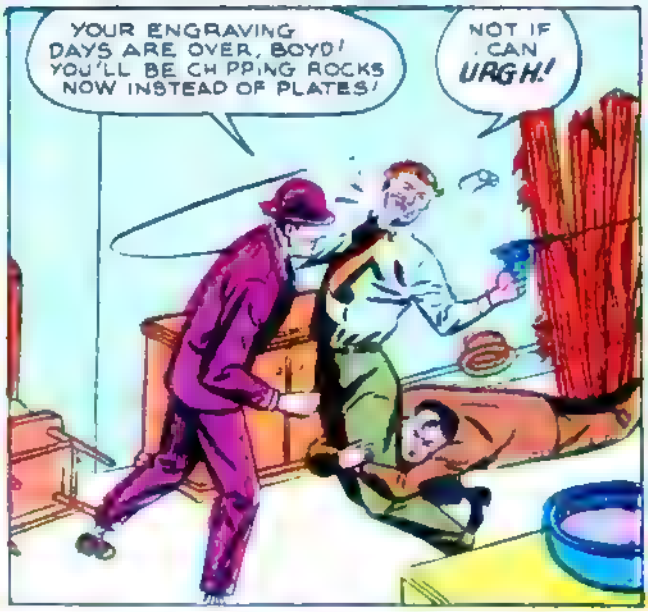
IN THE FALL OF 1876, BIG JIM KINEALY, HEAD OF A SUCCESSFUL GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS, DECIDES TO UP THE KITTY IN HIS COMPETITIVE GAME WITH THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.


BOYD, WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF YOUR FIVE DOLLAR GREENBACKS! I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET BORED WITH YOUR ENGRAVING WORK... START MAKING TENS!
RIGHT, BIG JIM! I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT I COULD DO A NICER JOB ON THOSE TEN-SPOTS THAN THE GOVERNMENT!

TWO DAYS LATER, AS BIG JIM'S EXPERT ENGRAVER PUTS HIS ARTISTIC HANDS TO WORK!

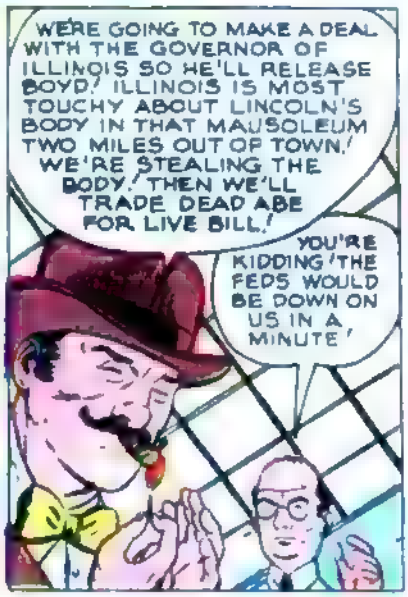






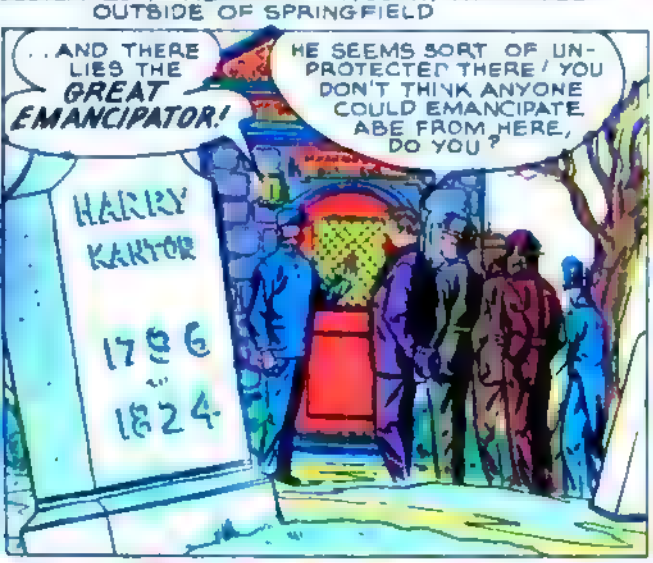
AS THE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS SPEED BILL BOYD TO JOLIET, ILLINOIS FOR TEN YEARS, BIG JIM HOLDS A MEETING.

WITH GOOD BEHAVIOR BOYD WILL BE OUT IN EIGHT YEARS! WE CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG! WE'VE RUN OUT OF THE FIVES HE MADE FOR US AND HE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO PRINT ANY OF THE NEW TENS!
AND I THOUGHT THE GOVERNMENT WAS AGAINST MONOPOLIES! NOW WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WE'VE LOST THE BEST ENGRAVER AROUND?


WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A DEAL WITH THE GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS SO HE'LL RELEASE BOYD! ILLINOIS IS MOST TOUCHY ABOUT LINCOLN'S BODY IN THAT MAUSOLEUM TWO MILES OUT OF TOWN! WE'RE STEALING THE BODY! THEN WE'LL TRADE DEAD ABE FOR LIVE BILL!
YOU'RE KIDDING! THE FEDS WOULD BE DOWN ON US IN A MINUTE!

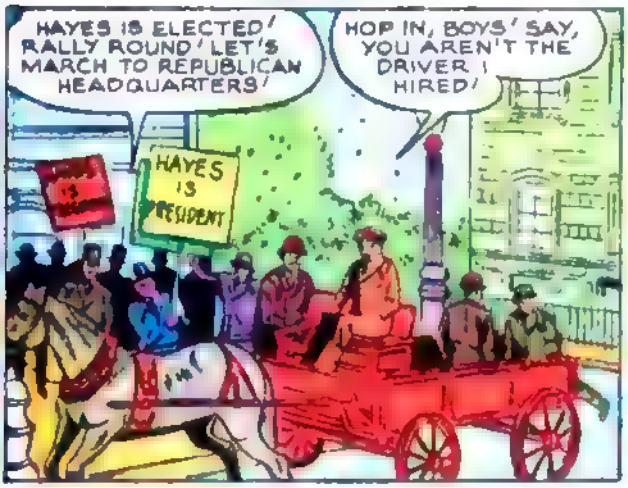
NO ONE CAN TOUCH US! THERE'S NO LAW IN ILLINOIS AGAINST BODY STEALING! NOW LET'S CASE THE TOMB!
I D DON'T LIKE THIS SORT OF JOB, BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS!

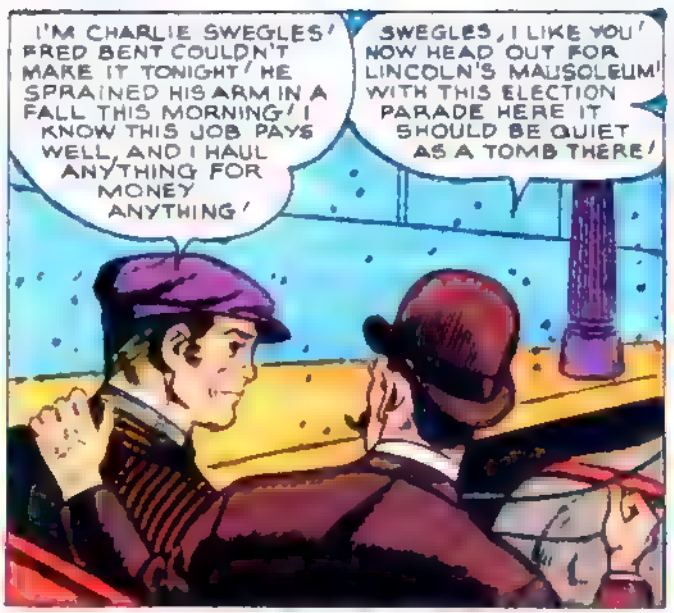
TWO DAYS LATER BIG JIM AND HIS HENCHMEN CROWD AMONG GAPING TOURISTS AT THE MARBLE SHRINE DEDICATED TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, TWO MILES OUTSIDE OF SPRINGFIELD


..AND THERE LIES THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR!
HE SEEMS SORT OF UNPROTECTED THERE! YOU DON'T THINK ANYONE COULD EMANCIPATE ABE FROM HERE, DO YOU?
HARRY KAHTOR
1796 ~ 1824

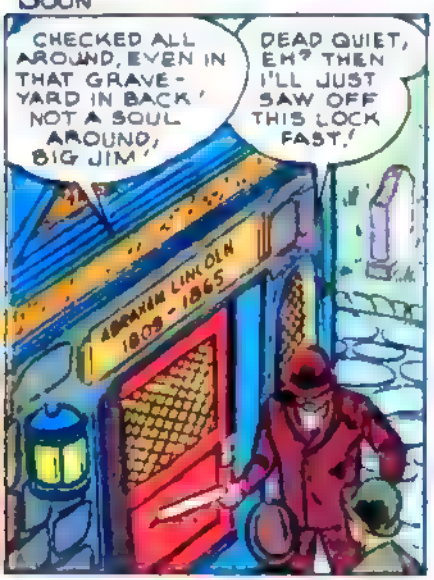
OH, NO! WE KEEP THIS WELL LOCKED AT NIGHT! AND WHO WOULD WANT TO COMMIT SUCH A DASTARDLY CRIME?
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, WHO WOULD?
GUARD
2

ARRANGING FOR A FAST RELAY OF HORSES TO CARRY THE STOLEN BODY TO A HIDE-OUT ON THE SHORES OF LAKE MICHIGAN, BIG JIM CHOOSES THE PERFECT NIGHT TO STEAL THE COFFIN .. ELECTION NIGHT, AS ALL SPRINGFIELD TURNS OUT..


HAYES IS ELECTED! RALLY ROUND! LET'S MARCH TO REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS!
HOP IN, BOYS! SAY, YOU AREN'T THE DRIVER I HIRED!
HAYES IS PRESIDENT


I'M CHARLIE SWEGLES! FRED BENT COULDN'T MAKE IT TONIGHT! HE SPRAINED HIS ARM IN A FALL THIS MORNING! I KNOW THIS JOB PAYS WELL, AND I HAUL ANYTHING FOR MONEY ANYTHING!
SWEGLES, I LIKE YOU! NOW HEAD OUT FOR LINCOLN'S MAUSOLEUM! WITH THIS ELECTION PARADE HERE IT SHOULD BE QUIET AS A TOMB THERE!

SOON


CHECKED ALL AROUND, EVEN IN THAT GRAVE-YARD IN BACK! NOT A SOUL AROUND, BIG JIM!
DEAD QUIET, EH? THEN I'LL JUST SAW OFF THIS LOCK FAST!
ABRAHAM LINCOLN 1809 - 1865

THE CUT LOCK DROPS TO THE FLOOR!

BIG JIM, MAYBE I'D BETTER KEEP A WATCH OUTSIDE!
GET IN THERE! WE'RE OPENING THAT SARCOPHAGUS AND THEN WE'LL TAKE LINCOLN'S WOODEN COFFIN AND GET AWAY QUICK!

THE TREMBLING GANGSTERS OPEN THE MARBLE LID!

LET'S DO IT FAST! I DON'T LIKE MESSING AROUND WITH TOMBS!
IF YOU DON'T STOP QUACKING, YOU'LL END UP IN A TOMB TONIGHT! SWEGLES, GO OUTSIDE AND BRING THE WAGON AROUND TO THE FRONT!
RIGHT!

BUT AS SWEGLES STEPS OUT OF THE HIGH-VAULTED DOORWAY OF THE MAUSOLEUM, HE STRIKES A MATCH!

OKAY, SWEGLES! HERE WE ARE! WHAT'S UP?
THE GANG'S INSIDE STEALING LINCOLN'S COFFIN RIGHT NOW! THEY DIDN'T EVEN SUSPECT THEIR ORIGINAL DRIVER SQUEALED TO THE SECRET SERVICE AND THAT'S WHY I REPLACED HIM!
BUT THERE'S THE COFFIN! LINCOLN'S BODY IS STILL HERE! BUT THE GANG IS GONE!
THEY MUST HAVE HEARD YOU RUN UP TO ME! OUT THE BACK DOOR, IT LEADS TO THE GRAVEYARD!
IN THE EERIE MOONLIGHT THAT SHINES ON THE TOMBSTONES, THE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS PLAY A DEADLY GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK!
NO ONE OVER ON THE LEFT OR.. THERE THEY ARE!
COME ON OUT, BIG JIM AND KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH OR YOU WILL STAY HERE FOR KEEPS!
BREAK FOR IT!
FIRE!
I'LL STOP BIG JIM!
GOT HIM!
OOF!
GET OFF ME! I I SURRENDER!
I'LL CLAMP ON THESE CUFFS FIRST, JUST TO MAKE SURE YOUR LAST REMARK WASN'T COUNTERFEIT!
BIG JIM AND HIS COUNTERFEITERS STOOD TRIAL IN SPRINGFIELD, BUT HE WAS CONFIDENT OF ITS OUTCOME! NO ONE COULD BE ARRESTED IN ILLINOIS FOR BODY STEALING! BUT HE AND HIS GANG WERE SENT UP ON ANOTHER CHARGE... CONSPIRACY TO STEAL A COFFIN WORTH SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!
YOU WANTED TO SPRING BOYD! WELL, WE DID THE NEXT BEST THING FOR YOU.. LET YOU JOIN HIM HERE FOR TEN YEARS!
HMPH! AND THEY CALL ABE LINCOLN THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR!
THE END

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JOHNNY WAS TOO SMART A FELLOW TO HAVE SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPEN TO HIM...PEPPER, PULL OUT THE RECORDS ON "72486"!
HMMM..."SHOT WHILE CLEANING HIS GUN! ACCIDENT WITNESSED BY TEMPLE TAYLOR, 467 EDGE ROAD!"
LET'S GO OUT TO SEE MR. TAYLOR!
THIS TEMPLE TAYLOR... HE HAS QUITE A REPUTATION AS A GAMBLER! WHAT BUSINESS DID HE HAVE WITH WILLIAMS?
TAYLOR AND JOHNNY GREW UP TOGETHER ON THE EAST SIDE--BOTH TAKING DIFFERENT PATHS! THEY WERE BOUND BY A CLOSE FRIENDSHIP, EVEN THOUGH EVERYONE KNEW JOHNNY TRIED TO GET TEMPLE TO QUIT HIS RACKET AND GET AN HONEST JOB!
POLICE
MINUTES LATER...
MR. TAYLOR, WE'RE REOPENING THE INVESTIGATION ON THE JOHNNY WILLIAMS CASE! I UNDERSTAND YOU WERE IN JOHNNY'S ROOM WHEN...
...WHEN THE GUN HE WAS CLEANING ACCIDENTLY WENT OFF! I TOLD YOU OVER AND OVER... WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? IT WAS TERRIBLE--THE SUDDEN SHOT--JOHNNY CRUMBLING TO THE FLOOR! AND THAT TERRIBLE SMELLY SMOKE COMING OUT OF THE GUN!
TAYLOR, MY SUSPICIONS WERE CORRECT! WILLIAMS' DEATH WASN'T AN ACCIDENT, BUT MURDER--AND YOU WERE THE ONE WHO KILLED HIM!
FOUND IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE TEMPLE TAYLOR MAKES A STARTLING CONFESSION OF MURDER!
YES, I KILLED HIM! JOHNNY KNEW I WAS IN ON A SHADY DEAL--HE MEANT TO TURN ME IN! I WENT TO HIS ROOM, HOPING TO TALK HIM OUT OF IT--HE SAID HE WOULDN'T LET FRIENDSHIP STAND IN HIS WAY! I TOOK HIS GUN, WHICH WAS LYING ON THE BED, FIRED... AND WIPED OFF THE FINGERPRINTS! NOW THAT YOU KNOW--WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT ME!
IN YOUR DRAMATIC EXPLANATION OF JOHNNY'S DEATH, YOU SAID YOU SAW SMOKE COMING FROM HIS GUN! WHAT YOU FORGOT IS THAT MODERN GUNS DO NOT SMOKE!

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!

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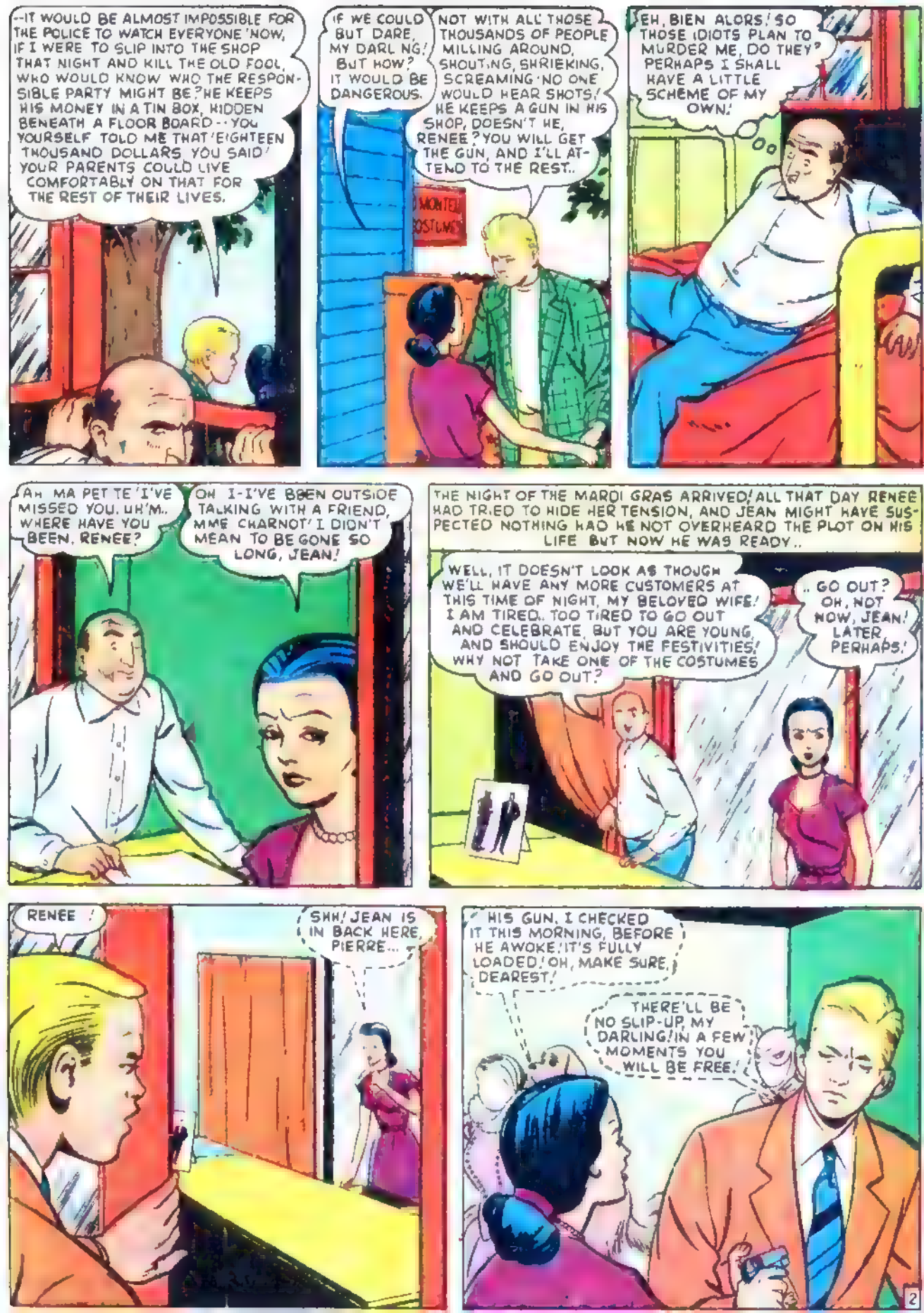
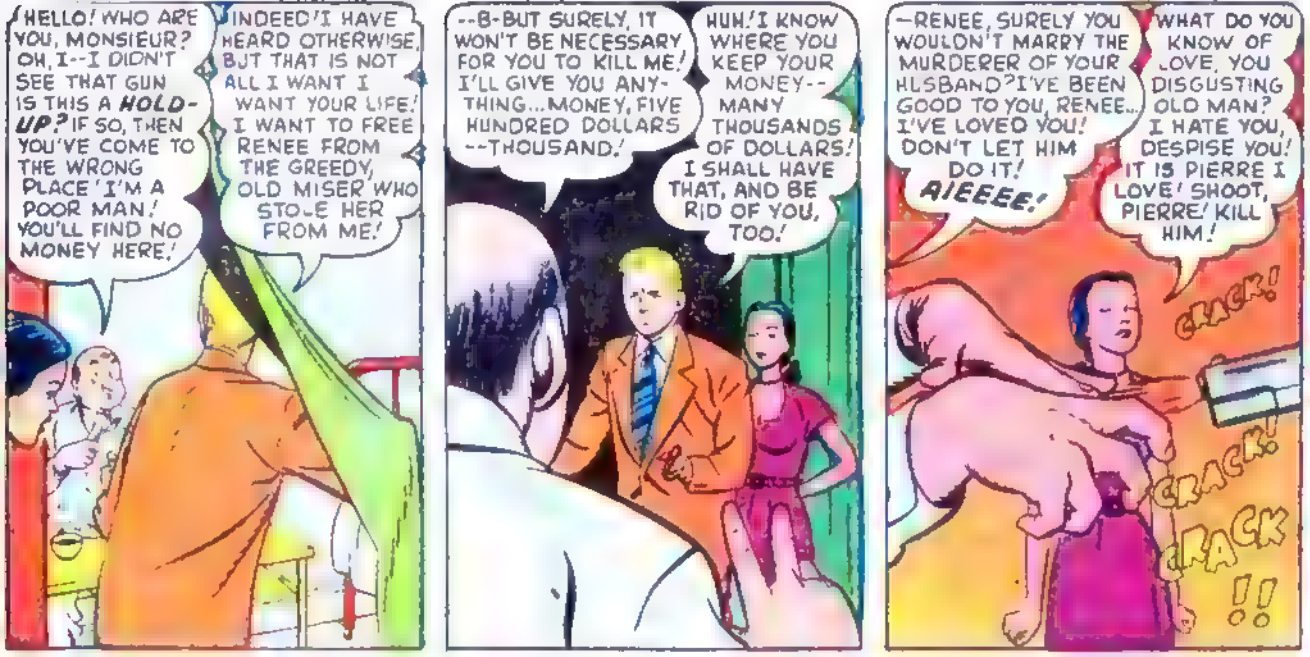
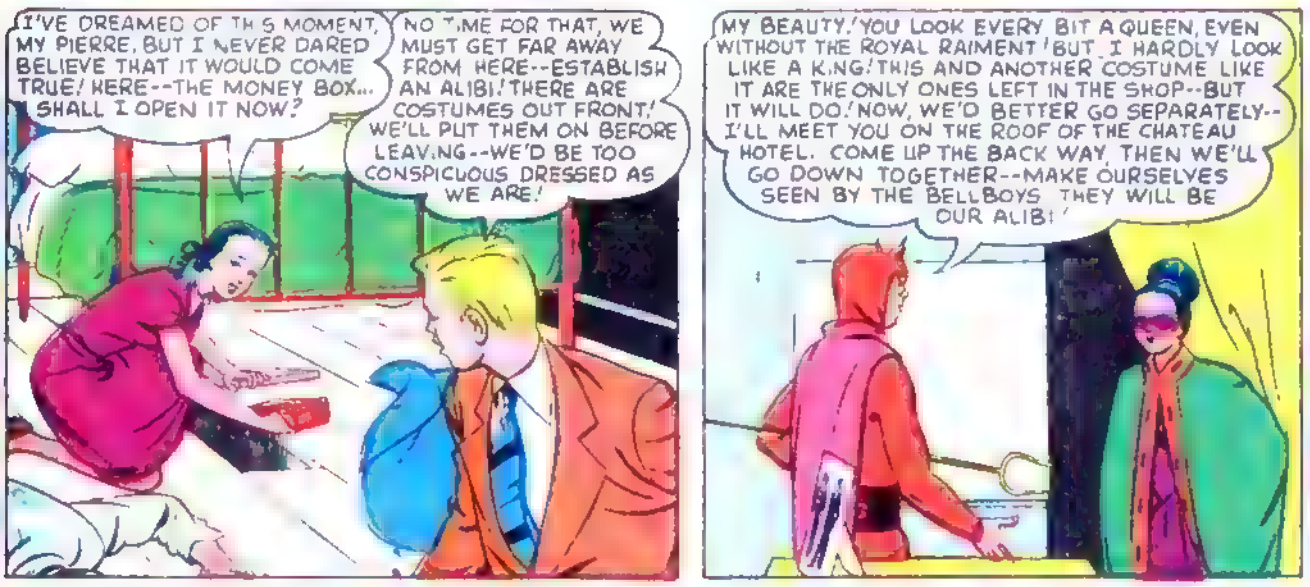
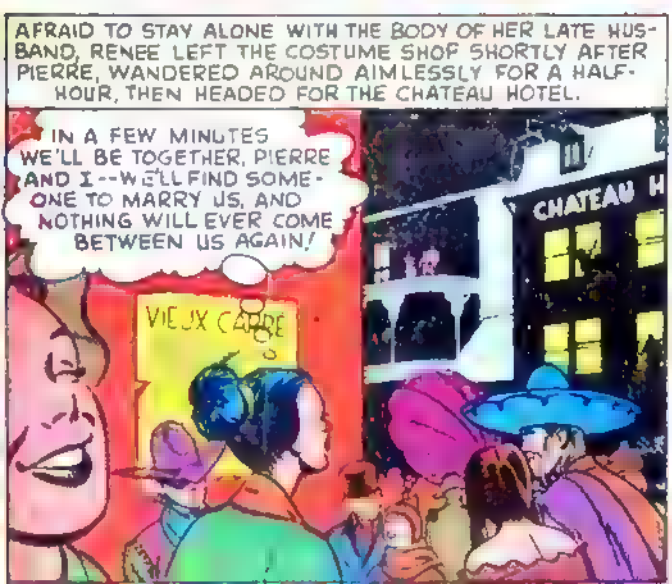
MONSTER OF THE MARDI GRAS

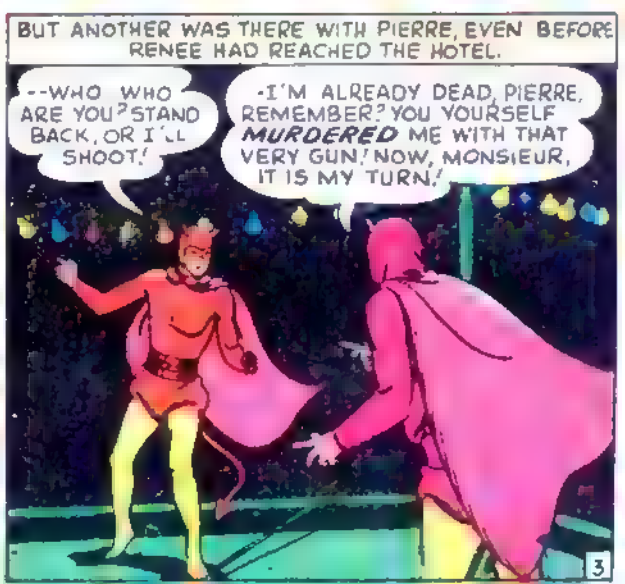
IT HAPPENED TWELVE YEARS AGO, IN NEW ORLEANS! 58 YEAR OLD JEAN MONTEU MARRIED A 22 YEAR OLD GIRL, RENEE NOIRE! RENEE'S PARENTS WERE IN GREAT NEED, THEY LIVED IN A HOUSE WHOSE MORTGAGE WAS OWNED BY MONTEU— AND FOR CANCELLATION OF THAT MORTGAGE AND A PROMISE OF SUPPORT, THEY AGREED TO GIVE HIM THEIR DAUGHTER'S HAND IN MARRIAGE! RENEE OBEDIENTLY MARRIED JEAN MONTEU BUT SHE NEVER STOPPED LOVING YOUNG PIERRE SABON.
THE CRIME OF JEAN MONTEU IN 1939 MIGHT HAVE REMAINED UNSOLVED IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE AMAZING DETECTIVE WORK OF POLICE OFFICER MARK FARNUM! ALL FACTS AND DATES ARE FROM HIS PERSONAL FILES!
DID YOU THINK THAT I COULD JUST GIVE YOU UP? OH, I COULD MANAGE TO FORGET YOU SOMEHOW IF YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH THAT SWINE. BUT IT IS ME YOU LOVE! NO I CAN'T LET YOU GO, RENEE--I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO.
PIERRE, NO GOOD CAN COME OF THIS! IF MY HUSBAND SHOULD EVER FIND OUT ABOUT OUR MEETING HERE LIKE THIS THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE MIGHT DO!
AMAZING DETECTIVE'S CASE OF THE MONTH!
DO YOU THINK THERE IS ANY HAPPINESS IN MY MARRIAGE, PIERRE? I COULDN'T BE HAPPY WITH ANYONE BUT YOU! BUT JEAN IS SUPPORTING MY PARENTS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THEM WITHOUT HIS MONEY!
PAH! THAT OLD FOOL AND HIS ACCURSED MONEY! I HAVE THOUGHT A GREAT DEAL ABOUT THAT! RENEE, HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE ME?
WITH MY LIFE, PIERRE DARLING! YOU KNOW THAT!
THEN TOGETHER WE'LL GET RID OF HIM! I HAVE A PLAN IN MIND ALREADY, BUT WE MUST BE CAREFUL! HERE'S WHAT WE WILL DO... MARDI GRAS IS BUT A FEW DAYS OFF, THERE WILL BE GREAT CROWDS --EVERYONE IN COSTUME

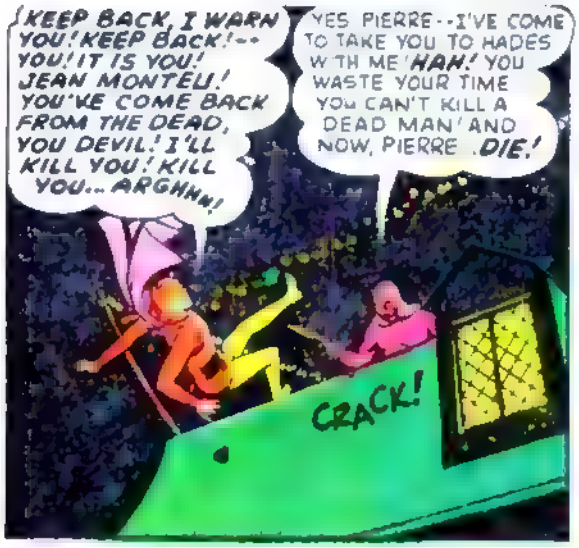

--IT WOULD BE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE POLICE TO WATCH EVERYONE 'NOW, IF I WERE TO SLIP INTO THE SHOP THAT NIGHT AND KILL THE OLD FOOL, WHO WOULD KNOW WHO THE RESPONSIBLE PARTY MIGHT BE? HE KEEPS HIS MONEY IN A TIN BOX, HIDDEN BENEATH A FLOOR BOARD -- YOU YOURSELF TOLD ME THAT 'EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS YOU SAID' YOUR PARENTS COULD LIVE COMFORTABLY ON THAT FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES.
IF WE COULD BUT DARE, MY DARLING! BUT HOW? IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS.
NOT WITH ALL THOSE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE MILLING AROUND, SHOUTING, SHRIEKING, SCREAMING 'NO ONE WOULD HEAR SHOTS! HE KEEPS A GUN IN HIS SHOP, DOESN'T HE, RENEE? YOU WILL GET THE GUN, AND I'LL ATTEND TO THE REST..
EH, BIEN ALORS! SO THOSE IDIOTS PLAN TO MURDER ME, DO THEY? PERHAPS I SHALL HAVE A LITTLE SCHEME OF MY OWN!
AH MA PET TE 'I'VE MISSED YOU. UH'M.. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, RENEE?
OH I-I'VE BEEN OUTSIDE TALKING WITH A FRIEND, MME CHARNOT' I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE GONE SO LONG, JEAN!
THE NIGHT OF THE MARDI GRAS ARRIVED! ALL THAT DAY RENEE HAD TRIED TO HIDE HER TENSION, AND JEAN MIGHT HAVE SUSPECTED NOTHING HAD HE NOT OVERHEARD THE PLOT ON HIS LIFE BUT NOW HE WAS READY..
WELL, IT DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH WE'LL HAVE ANY MORE CUSTOMERS AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, MY BELOVED WIFE! I AM TIRED.. TOO TIRED TO GO OUT AND CELEBRATE, BUT YOU ARE YOUNG AND SHOULD ENJOY THE FESTIVITIES! WHY NOT TAKE ONE OF THE COSTUMES AND GO OUT?
.. GO OUT? OH, NOT NOW, JEAN! LATER PERHAPS!
RENEE !
SHH! JEAN IS IN BACK HERE, PIERRE...
HIS GUN. I CHECKED IT THIS MORNING, BEFORE HE AWOKE! IT'S FULLY LOADED! OH, MAKE SURE, DEAREST!
THERE'LL BE NO SLIP-UP, MY DARLING! IN A FEW MOMENTS YOU WILL BE FREE!
2

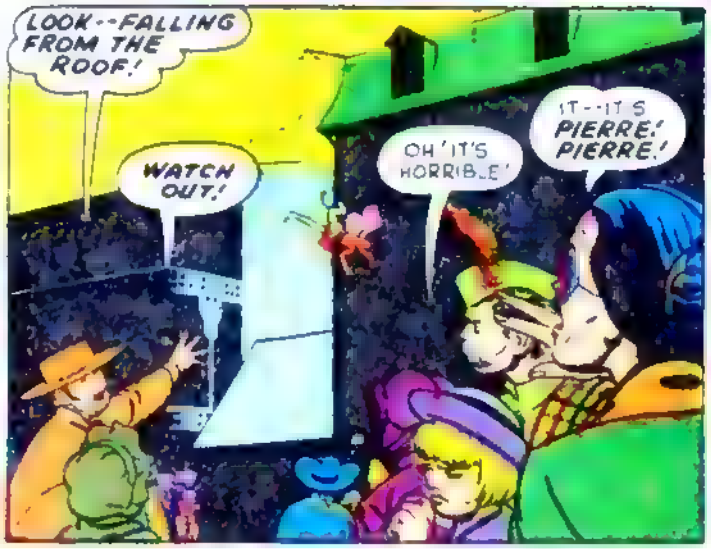

HELLO! WHO ARE YOU, MONSIEUR? OH, I--I DIDN'T SEE THAT GUN IS THIS A HOLD-UP? IF SO, THEN YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG PLACE I'M A POOR MAN! YOU'LL FIND NO MONEY HERE!
INDEED! I HAVE HEARD OTHERWISE, BUT THAT IS NOT ALL I WANT I WANT YOUR LIFE! I WANT TO FREE RENEE FROM THE GREEDY, OLD MISER WHO STOLE HER FROM ME!
--B-BUT SURELY, IT WON'T BE NECESSARY FOR YOU TO KILL ME! I'LL GIVE YOU ANY-THING...MONEY, FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS --THOUSAND!
HUH! I KNOW WHERE YOU KEEP YOUR MONEY-- MANY THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS! I SHALL HAVE THAT, AND BE RID OF YOU, TOO!
--RENEE, SURELY YOU WOULDN'T MARRY THE MURDERER OF YOUR HUSBAND? I'VE BEEN GOOD TO YOU, RENEE... I'VE LOVED YOU! DON'T LET HIM DO IT! AIEEEE!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF LOVE, YOU DISGUSTING OLD MAN? I HATE YOU, DESPISE YOU! IT IS PIERRE I LOVE! SHOOT, PIERRE! KILL HIM!
CRACK!
CRACK!
CRACK!!


I'VE DREAMED OF THIS MOMENT, MY PIERRE. BUT I NEVER DARED BELIEVE THAT IT WOULD COME TRUE! HERE--THE MONEY BOX... SHALL I OPEN IT NOW?
NO TIME FOR THAT, WE MUST GET FAR AWAY FROM HERE--ESTABLISH AN ALIBI! THERE ARE COSTUMES OUT FRONT! WE'LL PUT THEM ON BEFORE LEAVING--WE'D BE TOO CONSPICUOUS DRESSED AS WE ARE!
MY BEAUTY! YOU LOOK EVERY BIT A QUEEN, EVEN WITHOUT THE ROYAL RAIMENT! BUT I HARDLY LOOK LIKE A KING! THIS AND ANOTHER COSTUME LIKE IT ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT IN THE SHOP--BUT IT WILL DO! NOW, WE'D BETTER GO SEPARATELY-- I'LL MEET YOU ON THE ROOF OF THE CHATEAU HOTEL. COME UP THE BACK WAY, THEN WE'LL GO DOWN TOGETHER--MAKE OURSELVES SEEN BY THE BELLBOYS THEY WILL BE OUR ALIBI!


AFRAID TO STAY ALONE WITH THE BODY OF HER LATE HUSBAND, RENEE LEFT THE COSTUME SHOP SHORTLY AFTER PIERRE, WANDERED AROUND AIMLESSLY FOR A HALF-HOUR, THEN HEADED FOR THE CHATEAU HOTEL.
IN A FEW MINUTES WE'LL BE TOGETHER, PIERRE AND I--WE'LL FIND SOME-ONE TO MARRY US, AND NOTHING WILL EVER COME BETWEEN US AGAIN!
CHATEAU H
VIEUX CARRE

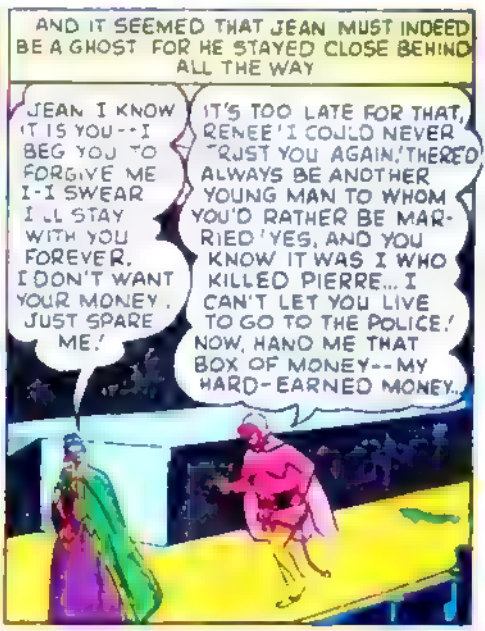

BUT ANOTHER WAS THERE WITH PIERRE, EVEN BEFORE RENEE HAD REACHED THE HOTEL.
--WHO WHO ARE YOU? STAND BACK, OR I'LL SHOOT!
-I'M ALREADY DEAD, PIERRE, REMEMBER? YOU YOURSELF MURDERED ME WITH THAT VERY GUN! NOW, MONSIEUR, IT IS MY TURN!

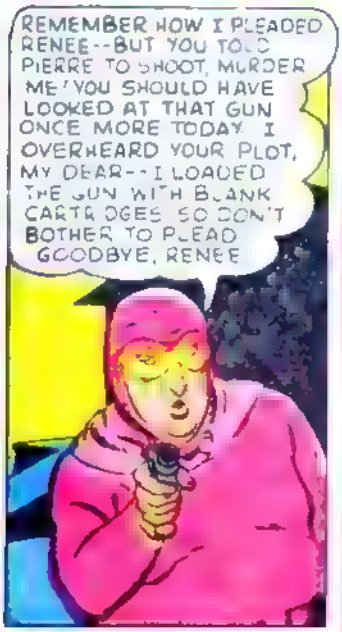

KEEP BACK, I WARN YOU! KEEP BACK!-- YOU! IT IS YOU! JEAN MONTEU! YOU'VE COME BACK FROM THE DEAD, YOU DEVIL! I'LL KILL YOU! KILL YOU... ARGHHH!
YES PIERRE--I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU TO HADES WITH ME! HAH! YOU WASTE YOUR TIME YOU CAN'T KILL A DEAD MAN! AND NOW, PIERRE .DIE!
CRACK!


LOOK--FALLING FROM THE ROOF!
WATCH OUT!
OH! IT'S HORRIBLE!
IT--IT'S PIERRE! PIERRE!

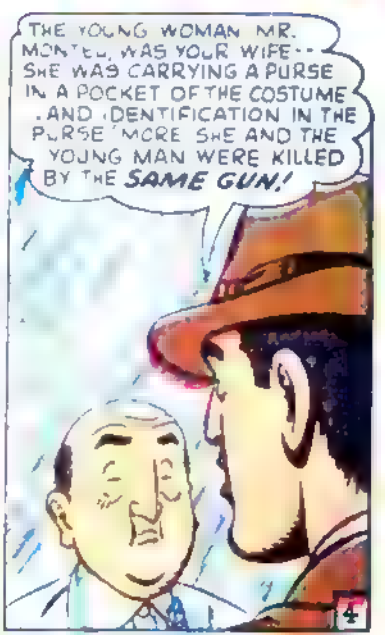
TEN MINUTES LATER .
I MUSTN'T BE FOUND NEAR HERE. I MUST GET AWAY, SO NO ONE WILL KNOW ABOUT ...OH! BON DIEU!

IT CAN'T BE PIERRE SAID THERE WAS ONE OTHER DEVIL'S COSTUME IN THE SHOP--BUT JEAN IS DEAD HE MUST BE DEAD! I SAW PIERRE SHOOT HIM BUT HE DID NOT DIE SOMEHOW--JUST PRETENDED IT WAS JEAN WHO SHOT PIERRE ON THE ROOF!--AND NOW HE IS GOING TO KILL ME!
RENEE FLED IN TERROR TO THE WATERFRONT WITH ALL THE HASTE HER TREMBLING LEGS COULD MANAGE


AND IT SEEMED THAT JEAN MUST INDEED BE A GHOST FOR HE STAYED CLOSE BEHIND ALL THE WAY
JEAN I KNOW IT IS YOU--I BEG YOU TO FORGIVE ME I-I SWEAR I'LL STAY WITH YOU FOREVER. I DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY. JUST SPARE ME!
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, RENEE! I COULD NEVER TRUST YOU AGAIN! THERE'D ALWAYS BE ANOTHER YOUNG MAN TO WHOM YOU'D RATHER BE MARRIED! YES, AND YOU KNOW IT WAS I WHO KILLED PIERRE... I CAN'T LET YOU LIVE TO GO TO THE POLICE! NOW, HAND ME THAT BOX OF MONEY--MY HARD-EARNED MONEY..


REMEMBER HOW I PLEADED RENEE--BUT YOU TOLD PIERRE TO SHOOT, MURDER ME! YOU SHOULD HAVE LOOKED AT THAT GUN ONCE MORE TODAY. I OVERHEARD YOUR PLOT, MY DEAR--I LOADED THE GUN WITH BLANK CARTRIDGES SO DON'T BOTHER TO PLEAD GOODBYE, RENEE

THE NEXT MORNING DETECTIVE MARK FARNUM OF NEW ORLEANS POLICE HEADQUARTERS VISITED THE COSTUME SHOP OF JEAN MONTEJ
YOU DON'T SEEM VERY MUCH CONCERNED OVER THE DEATH OF TWO PEOPLE WHO WORE COSTUMES BEARING LABELS FROM YOUR SHOP!
WHY SHOULD I? THEY MUST HAVE LEFT A DEPOSIT ON THE COSTUMES --AND IF THEY AREN'T TOO DAMAGED, I'M SURE I CAN USE THEM AGAIN--AFTER YOU RETURN THE COSTUMES TO ME!


THE YOUNG WOMAN MR. MONTEJ, WAS YOUR WIFE-- SHE WAS CARRYING A PURSE IN A POCKET OF THE COSTUME .AND IDENTIFICATION IN THE PURSE MORE SHE AND THE YOUNG MAN WERE KILLED BY THE SAME GUN!

YOU EXPECT ME TO GET UPSET OVER THE DEATH OF THAT STUPID WIFE OF MINE--A SENSELESS GIRL? WELL, I'M NOT! YOU HINT PERHAPS I MURDERED HER--THEM? I SAY I WAS HOME, ASLEEP, ALL LAST NIGHT! PROVE OTHERWISE!... AND FIND THE GUN!
I INTEND TO SEARCH EVERY INCH OF THIS PLACE, MR. MONTEU! I ADMIT I SUSPECT YOU! I CAN EVEN GUESS THE MOTIVE! IF I FIND THE GUN HERE I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE TOO MUCH TROUBLE PINNING THIS ON YOU!
DETECTIVE FARNUM SEARCHED THE SHOP AND THE LIVING QUARTERS BEHIND IT--HE EVEN FOUND THE MONEY BOX BENEATH THE FLOOR, BUT NO GUN! AN HOUR LATER...
WELL, YOU HAVE FOUND NO GUN, I SEE! NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I ASK YOU TO LEAVE A PEACEFUL CITIZEN TO HIS DAY'S WORK...
I CONFESS THIS HAS ME STUMPED, MONTEU! OF COURSE, YOU COULD HAVE THROWN THE GUN AWAY--INTO THE RIVER, PERHAPS.
YOU WOULDN'T SAY THAT, SIR, IF YOU KNEW MY REPUTATION! I HAVE BEEN CALLED BY HALF OF NEW ORLEANS A MISERABLE MISER! TRUE, PERHAPS! CERTAINLY, I WOULD THROW NOTHING AWAY--NOT EVEN A GUN WITH WHICH I COMMITTED MURDER!
I DON'T DOUBT THAT, MONTEU - I SAW YOUR HORDE OF MONEY IN THE TIN BOX UNDER THAT FLOOR BOARD! OH, WELL, I COULD BE ON THE WRONG TRACK.
..BUT I DON'T THINK I AM! THERE'S ONE PLACE I HAVEN'T LOOKED!
THERE'S A PIRATE OUTFIT IN THIS WINDOW, MONTEU WITH A GUN STUCK IN THE BELT! I WANT TO SEE THAT GUN!
S-SEE HERE ..YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO PERSECUTE AN INNOCENT MAN LIKE THIS! IT'S RIDICULOUS! THAT'S AN OLD PISTOL--AND EVEN IF I COULD SHOOT IT, IT WOULD ONLY SHOOT STEEL BALLS, NOT A 38 BULLET!
ED MOOR
PRETTY CLEVER, MONTEU! YOU HAD THIS PISTOL MACHINED TO HOLD A MODERN BULLET! AND YOU JUST MADE A VERY BAD SLIP! I NEVER MENTIONED THE CALIBER OF THE SHELL, YET YOU SAID IT WAS A .38! EXACTLY THE SIZE BULLET YOU USED TO MURDER YOUR WIFE AND THAT YOUNG MAN!
NO! NO! IT'S ALL WRONG!
5
YOU HAVEN'T A LEG TO STAND ON MISTER! YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS--OR DO YOU WANT TO WAIT TILL I TAKE YOU TO HEADQUARTERS?
IT ISN'T FAIR...I ONLY DID TO THEM WHAT THEY PLANNED FOR ME! THEY TRIED TO KILL ME WITH BLANKS.. HA! HA! WITH BLANKS! I FOOLED THEM! I HEARD, AND I WAS READY--AND NOW THEY'RE DEAD! TRIED TO STEAL MY MONEY. BUT NOW THEY'RE DEAD! HA! HA! THEY'LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN, NEVER!
THE END

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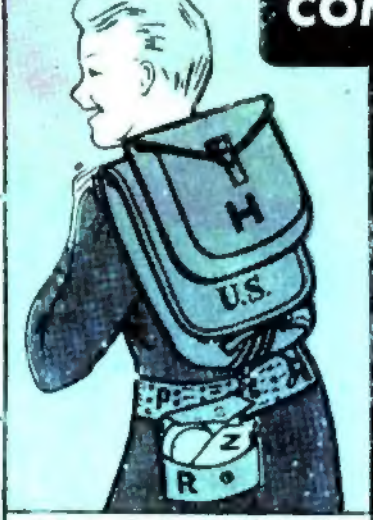

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